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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fourth Number.

THE QUEEN OF WIRTEMBURGH.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA MATILDA, Princess Royal of England, and wife to his Majesty the present King of Wurtemburg, was born Sept. 29, 1766, and married May 18, 1797, to his Serene Highness Frederick Charles William, at that time Hereditary Prince, but who became, upon the death of his father, in the year 1798, Reigning Duke of Wurtemburg Stutgard; and has since been elevated to the kingly dignity, and received a considerable accession of territory and power.

Our readers have already perceived that it is not within the plan of our biographical sketches to enter into the details of private life or character, but to connect with the genealogical account of distinguished personages such historical facts, or incidental descriptions, which, so long as they do not violate the integrity of our plan, are infinitely more amusing and instructive than an indiscriminate profusion either of eulogy or censure.

Her Royal Highness, the present Queen of Wurtemburg, can scarcely be said to have lived a public life till her marriage. In the domestic retirement of her own family she was always distinguished for the felicity of her talents and the amiable qualities of her heart. For those accomplishments which are considered as the ornaments of her sex, she evinced an early taste, and her ambition led her beyond the common boundaries of female education. She became at an early period, a mistress of almost all the modern languages of Europe, and such was her thirst of knowledge, that she attained to considerable excellence in every branch of polite literature.

Such were the accomplishments of this amiable lady previous to her marriage.—Since her union with the King of Wurtemburg, she has been removed beyond the reach of the common biographer; but the fame of her hospitality, and friendship towards her countrymen, has reached us

from the report of many who have travelled in Germany, and who have acknowledged, with much sensibility, the liberality and kindness they have met at the Court of Stutgard.

In the late storms of the Continent the ancient Duchy of Wurtemburg has been thrown into a new shape, and assumed the rank it ought to fill among the States of Germany. With this country every Englishman has a natural relation; some account of it, therefore, will not be deemed uninteresting.

Wurtemburg in fertility, in natural beauties, in diversity of mountain and plain,—of wood and water, yields to no province of Germany. The wines of Wurtemburg are celebrated not only in France, Italy, Hungary, and in the Grecian Isles, but in the extremest parts of the North and of the East,—in Russia and Persia. Wurtemburg has likewise to boast other favours of Providence; baths and mineral waters; and her three celebrated rivers, the Necker, the Ens, and the Rems. The country is divided by a small chain of mountains in two parts. *Unter Steig* is the name of that portion of country beyond the mountains; *Oter Steig* is the name of the expanse below them.

The Castle of Wurtemburg, delightfully ituated on the Necker, is the residence of the Princes of Wurtemburg; a family as ancient as any in Germany, but whose origin, with that of many other dynasties, is lost in the obscurity of feudal genealogies, and the confusion of remote alliances.

The antiquity of the House only is known; the stream cannot be traced to its source.

By some it is said that the House of Wurtemburg descended from the French Kings, and that Clovis bestowed upon a German Baron, of his own blood, the territory of Wurtemburg as a royal fief.— Some contend that Conrad, the first Earl, or Count, of Wurtemburg, received his dignities from Henry the Fourth of Germany. The confusion is easily cleared up. A French King, Clovis or some other, gave the original fief at a time when the French Monarchs had the whole sway of Germany, and the Emperor of Germany conferred the personal honours.

However this may be, it is certain that the first Duke of Wurtemburg was created by the Emperor Maximilian the First, in 1495. He was called Eberhard the First. He reigned over the Duchy but a year, and was succeeded by Eberhard the Second. Eberhard, with a singular modesty, thinking himself incapable of reigning, abdicated in favour of his brother, who, in a short time, followed the example of Eberhard, and the sceptre passed to his son Ulrick, who, being an infant, submitted to a regency, which he was fortunate enough to shake off in his sixteenth year.

Under the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Ulrick was deprived of his kingdom by the league of Swabia; and saw it bestowed upon Ferdinand, the brother of his Conqueror. The duchy remained under the Austrian dominion from 1519 to 1534, when Philip, the Landgrave of Hesse, assisted by France, re-established Ulrick, and, a league having dethroned him, a league was made to protect him. A condition however was attached to the duchy, that the Princes should receive their investitures from the hands of the Emperor.

The children of Ulrick died without posterity in the year 1795. Frederick, the nephew of Ulrick, succeeded to the estates of his uncle, and became the origin and founder of the present House of Wurtemburg.

Frederick obtained from Rodolph the Second an exemption from all kinds of vassalage by the payment of 425,000 florins; but it was agreed, should the House of Wurtemburg become extinct, that the line of Austria should inherit the duchy. The *Lay* Electors, who refused to acknowledge the original vassalage of Wurtemburg, disputed likewise the right of succession in Austria, alleging, in case of the extinction of the Wurtemburg family, that the succession, eventually, belonged to the Empire.

In 1740, on the death of Charles the Sixth, the male race of Charles the Fifth becoming extinct, the Dukes of Wurtemburg considered themselves exempt from all feudal dependence; but it was pretended that the House of Lorraine succeeded to all the rights of the House of Austria. This question would have remained unde-

cided to this day but for the treaty of Presburgh, which, by elevating Wurtemburg to the dignity of a kingdom, has emancipated her from all feudal, obsolete, and oppressive vassalage.

Under Ulrick the Protestant religion was established in Wurtemburg.

Among the Princes of Wurtemburg the name of Charles Eugene is most celebrated; he was a patron of the arts and sciences, and several useful establishments were formed under his reign, which was long and glorious. He protected industry and commerce; he collected a splendid library at Stutgard, and augmented the glory and power of his family.

In 1782, the niece of Charles Eugene, the mother of the present reigning Emperor of Russia, was married to the Grand Duke Paul, who afterwards became Emperor of all the Russias, and whose folly and tyranny caused him to be cut off by private assassination. This alliance was a glorious epoch for the Sovereigns of Wurtemburg, and particularly for that Prince who had raised his country so high in the estimation of Europe.

The population of the States of Wurtemburg does not exceed 700,000; their revenue is about five millions of florins.

The five cities of the Danube; Ehingen, with the rich Abbey of Benedictines; Munderhingen, in a position naturally fortified; Riedlingen, Mengen, and Swalgau, with their fertile territories; the Upper and Lower Province of Hohenburgh, which contains so many wealthy seignories, and which, by its situation in the Black Forest, gives a superior compactness to Wurtemburg, are among the valuable possessions of this duchy.

It can cause no regret that this ancient state is thus raised in the scale of empire, and though we may all lament the circumstances which have occasioned it, and the hands which have constructed the edifice; it must be the common wish that it may flourish with safety and glory through all the storms and contentions which we foresee in Germany.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CRITIQUE ON HUMOUR.

THE celebrated St Evremond gave the following advice to his friend the Count d'Olonne, who was exiled from the Court of Louis XIV. "The unfortunate ought not to read books which excite affliction at the misery of men, but rather such as invite them to amuse themselves at their folly; prefer then, Lucian, Petronius, and Don Quixote, to Seneca, Plutarch, and Montagne." In my early youth, chance made me acquainted with this passage, and I have since sometimes reflected on this grand truth, that events, apparently of little importance, have often the greatest influence on the happiness or misery of men, in the course of their lives.

The lively impression which the counsel of St. Evremond made on my mind, engaged me early to follow it; and as often as vexatious events, or other causes, affected me too strongly, I had recourse to his remedy, and always with the most happy success. An enquiry into the nature of this powerful antidote against melancholy, will not perhaps be displeasing to those who, tormented by its black vapours, may stand in need of such assistance. A celebrated physician of the mind, who, by this remedy, has affected many miraculous cures, shall be my guide. The English call this antidote *humour*. Aristophanes, among the Greeks, was the first inventor of it; and, after him, Lucian, and subsequent authors, carried it to perfection. Plautus, Horace, Petronius, Seneca, among the ancient Romans; and among the modern Latinists, Erasmus, Chancellor Moore and Holberg. Among the Italians, Pulci, Ariosto, Cæsar Caporali, Passeroni, Gozzi, Goldoni. Among the Spaniards, Cervantes, Quevedo, Mattheo Allemann, Hustado de Mendoza, Liego de Luna, Duis Velez de Guevara, and Father Isla. Among the French, Rabelais, Cyran de Bergerac, Sorel, Moliere, Regnard, Dufresnoy, la Fontaine, and Scaron in his *Roman Comique*. Among the English, Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Butler, Congreve, Farquhar, Swift, Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, &c. &c. I say nothing of the Germans, and beg my readers will fill up the chasm. By mentioning no one, none of that country, who may have pretensions to *humour*, can be offended at being forgotten.

England is more fertile than any other country of Europe in characters of this kind. This is attributed to the liberty which distinguishes the government. The opinion appears very plausible: I should think it, however, better founded by taking the word liberty in a sense more extended than has hitherto been done. I should then be of that opinion, if by the word liberty were understood, not only the absence of arbitrary power, and of a constraint opposite to the forms prescribed by law, but also the neglect of those rules expressed by the words urbanity, politeness, and good breeding. These laws are not written, and their execution is independent of the sovereign power; but, in the circle in which they are adopted, they are conformed to with perhaps more exactitude than those which the sanction of government has united in a code.—An entire liberty to dispense with such rules is, if I be not mistaken, absolutely necessary to *humour*. The country gentlemen, *Western* and *Sir Andrew Freeport*, may prove the truth of what I advance. Politeness and good breeding include, in effect, the power of extirpating all germs of *humour*, which nature may have implanted in our minds. In order to convince my readers of this, I must explain wherein humour consists. Several authors have spoken of it as an impenetrable mystery; but, what is more extraordinary, others have given very just and very clear explications of it, assuring us, at the same time, that they know not what *humour* is. Perhaps they should have said, they had not discovered all the forms that humour can assume.

I shall first notice various kinds of humour, and afterward endeavour to unite the different ideas they contain. Congreve says, in a letter to Dennis, "We cannot determine what humour is:" and farther on he refines upon humour in comedy. His opinions have been attacked by Home. "Were this definition just," says he, "a majestic or commanding air, which is a singular property, is humour; as also that natural flow of eloquence and correct elocution, which is a rare talent. Nothing just or proper is denominated humour, nor any singularity of character, words, or action, that is valued or respected."

Ben Johnson, the first humourist of his nation, says, in one of his comedies,

Why humour (as 'tis ens) we thus define it,
To be a quality of air, and water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstration,
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and run:
Likewise the air (forced through a horn or trumpet)
Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluxions all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.

These three explications may serve to form a fourth, which, in my opinion, will be satisfactory. I take humour, then, to be a strong impulse of the mind towards a particular object, which the person thinks very important, without its being so; and by which, in occupying himself incessantly, and with an extravagant attention and seriousness on it, he distinguishes himself in a ridiculous manner from others. If this definition be just, as I presume it is, my readers will easily perceive how much humour injures politeness and good breeding, they being the art of conforming our conduct to certain rules tacitly adopted and generally followed, by all those who live in society.

Hitherto I have treated of humour in character: let us now speak of that which reigns in writings. Singularity, and a certain seriousness, which excites to laughter, are the signs of humour in character; they are so also in writings. This singularity, and this incitement, are to be found either in invention or in style. An author possesses true humour, when, with an air of gravity, he paints objects in such colours as to provoke laughter. We often remark in society the effect which this humour produces on the mind. When, for instance, two persons amuse a company with pleasant stories, he, who laughs before he speaks, will never interest or divert so much as he who relates gravely, and without a smile on his countenance. The reason of it is probably in the force with which contrasts affect the mind. There are authors who treat serious subjects in a comic stile; as for example, Tassoni in his *Secchia Rapita*, and Scaron in his *Typhon*. Such authors undoubtedly excite mirth; but, as they are the opposites of true humourists, they cannot be very well ranked in that class. They only possess the burlesque, which is very different from humour; but, notwithstanding, if their works be good, they do not the less merit praise. No kind of poetry is despicable, from the epopea and tragedy, to fairy tales and farces. Every thing consists in treating the subject well; and the *Devil on Two Sticks* may be as good in its kind as *Zaire*. Irony and parody are a great aid to writers

of humour, of which Lucian furnishes numerous examples.

In this kind of writing, comic comparisons, particularly when in part moral and in part physical, produce a great effect. The first chapter of *Tom Jones* may here serve as an example. The author compares himself to a landlord, his work to dishes, and the titles to his chapters to the garnish. The same may be said of the singular mania of Uncle Toby, in *Tristram Shandy*, and of many passages in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c. which may all serve as models of true humour.

In the Idler, by Johnson, there is also a simile of this kind. The author proves, that all the ingredients which compose a bowl of punch, may be found in a very social company. That beverage, says he, is composed of spirits, acid, sugar, and water. The spirits, which are inflammable, and evaporate easily, are images of the vivacity of the mind; the acid of the lemon juice represents the sharpness of raillery; the sugar is the emblem of indulgence and flattery, and the water that of unmeaning prattle.

Authors who are endowed with humour of character, shew it also in their writings; traits of it escape them, even in spite of themselves, when they wish to treat a serious and grave subject. Sir Robert L'Estrange, in his translation of Josephus, speaks of a queen, whose passions were very violent, to whom an ambassador had made a proposition that was displeasing. The scene in the original is, "Scarcely had his discourse ended, but the queen suddenly arose;" which Sir Roger translates, "Scarce had the ambassador finished his speech, but presently up was madam." No one will be surprised at the humour which reigns in the writings of la Fontaine, when he knows that this author one day very seriously asked an ecclesiastic whether St. Augustine or Rabelais had most wit? A humorous author does better in attacking small faults than great vices. Men often inconsiderately fall into them; they, therefore, require to be warned of their danger, while the laws take care to repress crimes. The Archbishop de la Caza was consequently right in saying that he would be more thankful for the means of securing himself from the sting of insects, than of preventing the bite of tigers and lions.

I have nothing to add concerning my antidote to melancholy. I exhort those who are subject to frequent paroxisms of it, to dose themselves with a few pages from *Lucian*, *Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, and other works of that kind; the salutary effects of which they will soon experience.

Remarks.—The explanation or definition given of the word humour contains a part, but far from the whole, of its meaning. Were a man, characterised for cruelty, to assert that he would have all the Eton scholars nailed to the garden wall, each by the ear, because one of them had stolen a peach, we should rather be shocked by the barbarity of the sentiment than excited to laugh by the grimaces with which the imagination might be struck. But were the same thing asserted by a man of known humanity and goodness of heart, a humourist, who, on such occasions, assumed a whimsical gravity, it would excite hearty laughter. It is a great mistake to suppose that humour offends the received laws of good breeding. To insult the feelings may sometimes produce mirth, but much more frequently disgust and pain. An English gentleman, of the first fashion, but a humourist, among other means of diverting his friends, used sometimes to quarrel with himself, and proceed from step to step, till at last he became so unmannerly to himself, that he was obliged, from respect to the company, to kick himself out of the room. The humour of the scene was not in words that might offend good manners, but in the absolute gravity with which it was performed. Among other efforts of humour, which seem to be national, the English have a variety of songs; the humour of which it would be difficult to write. Thus, "an old woman cloathed in grey" has nothing, apparently, that should excite much laughter; but a humourist will imitate the old woman's shrill voice, and mark his hand with black, so as to caricature her face; and, by opening his thumb while he sings, make grimaces that will set the table in a roar. This must be heard and seen to be conceived. Another will introduce successively the meuling of the cat, the hooting of the owl, the braying of the ass, &c.; and, by the perfect imitation of the discordant notes of various animals, excite peals of laughter. Some of these humourists, it is true, have the habitual character of buffoonery: but others are men of elegant minds and refined manners. He who, in his attempts, offends good breeding must change his manner; or he cannot become a humourist, in the pleasant, and perhaps the only true sense of the term: for, to call a man a humourist, who has some extravagant habits, as, for example, who should daily beat his servants because they did not prevent barrel organs from playing in his street, appears to be a peculiar, if not a strained and affected use of the word.

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING PRINCIPLE AND SENTIMENT;

IN REPLY TO

"The Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," in La Belle Assemblee for April, Page 139.

WITH no design to confute, but with an earnest one to excite an interesting debate, am I induced to reply to the author of the excellent Essay entitled, "the Distinction between Principle and Sentiment considered," which appeared in the last Number of *La Belle Assemblée*. Debates on such topics must necessarily have their good effects; they enable us to compare sensations, to fix the wavering definitions of metaphysical knowledge, and to shew their connection with the moral duties of man. By such short discussions those particular characteristics which each individual attaches to certain affections of the mind become apparent; the human disposition offers itself to contemplation with all those rules of action, whether derived from the head or the heart, that influence the conduct, and a chain of ideas may be obtained by which more perfect documents concerning our mental impulses may be derived than those which at present form the truly abstruse, yet interesting study of the soul. Determined by such motives, I venture to enter into an enquiry concerning the nature of Principle and Sentiment, their different functions, and what preference should be given to either in the direction of our actions. By Principle I understand those confirmed opinions of right and wrong implanted by reason and education. If I am permitted to rest upon this definition, it will be manifest (indeed too manifest under the present system of education, and from the pernicious doctrines daily offered to the expanding reason of youth) that there may be such a thing as *false* principle, and that the whole conduct may be under the direction of erroneous opinions, deduced from notions which in the days of infancy have been received as truths. By the word Sentiment, I distinguish that natural sense of good and beautiful, of evil and deformity, which exists in the mind, independent of instruction, and which may be discovered in different degrees, even among the brute creation. This, I assert, can be contaminated by false principle only, and that therefore whatever may be the evils laid to the charge of Sentiment, they necessarily originate in the errors which have become principles in the mind, and which shed a baneful influence over every idea that arises in the contemplation of nature or society.

When in a beautiful morning of spring we look abroad and behold creation bursting forth in a thousand different forms, in all lovely, in all beneficently marked by the powerful hand that showers his vivifying heat upon them, shall we repress any of the pure sentiments which at the beck of the smallest reflection instantly arise? Is not every truly valuable principle enlivened by such a scene? And yet how enlivened except by the sentiments which awaken in the heart? Say, if you will, that the devotion which depends upon such a prospect cannot be permanent—cannot be a fixed principle, and that on the survey of different appearances, it might be liable to be affected with very dissimilar sentiments; while that founded on sound and steadfast opinion, though colder, would be more constant; though less ecstatic, would be less liable to be eradicated. To this I reply, that the unadulterated bosom which can once feel the delight of such sensation will easily recover it, and all the sentiments that depend upon it; nature abounds with objects which on every hand present the most lively inducements to the contemplation. But that if ever the obstacles of life, the gloom of discontent, or the labyrinths of erroneous reasoning induce the man of cold principles to let go his hold, he is lost for ever. Sentiment, the rational part of those sensations in which God and nature speak to the soul, is in him a mute organ, he hears no voice but the obstinate pride of a deadening principle, and is lost for ever!

But I do not purpose to consider the possibility of a separation between just principle and natural sentiment; I never beheld the one unaccompanied by the other, and I perceive that the author of "The Distinction," &c. has argued not so much against Sentiment as against the affectation of it in opposition to virtuous principle; although by the general term of sentiment the most perfect attribute of the soul becomes involved in the condemnation so eloquently pronounced. Sentiment, when taken in a metaphysical view, may be defined to be that power of the mind that receives our sensa-

tions, and converts them into ideas; it is the first connecting agent between the body and the soul; it arranges our perceptions, and rules over them; it is the very life of reason, which, without it, is irresolute, slowly deciding, seldom acting.

" Irresolute in this—unfixed in that,
" With thoughts unconscious what they would be at;
" Still hesitating, fearful to do ill,
" Quintus does nothing well, nor ever will."
PASCHASIUS.

Sentiment is the organ of sympathy, the first spring of all the social affections; by it alone we become acquainted with our rank in nature, and our obligations to domestic and political institutions. Principle ought to consist in determined rules founded on deductions made by reason from the experience of our own sentiments, or received from the sentiments of others whom we respect. False deductions create false principles, and these in a short time corrupt or deaden every sentiment. Then arises that affectation which indeed prevails so much in the present day; but which has equally prevailed in times past, and will do so until the truths of real science, the science of self-knowledge and social obligations shall have strengthened our reasoning faculties, and made manifest the motives and consequences of all our actions.

It is so difficult to define with accuracy the moral attributes of the mind, that I am not entirely certain whether I have a just idea of the two objects which the author of " The Distinction," &c. has discussed. The characteristics assigned to Sentiment at the end of the Essay are so dissimilar to those at the beginning, that I am inclined to conclude that affectation of sentiment, false taste, and irrational sensation are blended together under one general appellation. But it would be an endless labour in the present indeterminate state of metaphysical knowledge to fix denominations on the vague and incomprehensible faculties of the mind. Moral authors are in general careless in their use of terms, which increases the confusion, and when a disquisition is reduced to the definition of a name, it is then entangled in an inscrutable labyrinth.

Could we be assured of the unerring purity of sentiment there would be no argument against our continually submitting to its influence, except such as might be suggested through the prudential motives of self-love. Every thing that is offered to our contemplation, either in the wants of nature or in the offices of society, calls us from ourselves, and makes us behold our dependence upon duties reciprocally observed; every primitive sentiment must therefore be necessarily virtuous. We perceive misery, and we desire to relieve it; we hear the voice of gladness, and we wish to increase it by congenial hilarity; we gaze upon beauty, and the sentiments of love and beauty possess our hearts. From our primitive sentiments proceed whatever is excellent in the arts, whatever is sublime in the sciences, whatever is laudable in political institutions, praiseworthy in domestic economy, honourable in public transactions, endearing in private relations. For whence should principles have derived their knowledge, whence the strength of their regulations but from those natural conceptions, which by the unprejudiced mind are no sooner felt than established, and which, although we may stifle by false habits and perverted principles, we can never entirely separate from those natural impulses to which the heart is ever recurring.

The man of sentiment weeps indeed at fictitious distress, trembles at the consequences of imaginary crimes, is susceptible of all the emotions which eloquence or poetry can assume; but if restrained by the voice of prudence or by the testimonies of deceit or imposition that surround him on every side, and compel him to act with a cold principle of mistrust in real life, what is to be blamed? Surely the false rules of conduct, the perverted principles of the multitude. He whose sensibility is drawn towards an imaginary tale of pity correctly natural, would feel the same interest in a real circumstance were it possible to divest the mind of that suspicion which is the natural consequence of frequent intercourse with the world. The young and inexperienced are mostly directed by the influence of sensibility, and are often the victims of a false species of sentiment arising from its indulgence. For unless guarded by true sentiment united to just principle, sensibility has victims whose excruciating tortures are beyond the powers of description.

To pure sentiment appear to belong those provinces of judgment which cultivate or cherish the arts, or that permit and foster the benevolent and genial passions. The former are imitations of nature; the latter are her offspring; the management of each therefore belongs to that part of the mind which she seems peculiarly to claim as her own, and to have stamped with a sort of instructive power.

To just principle belong the boundaries of self-love and social justice; integrity in all its forms; patience, perseverance, and the severities of duty. Knowledge, whether derived from education or experience, is the great support of principle. When science shall throw her emanations over

the soul, principle shall derive strength and spread into perfection. But while ignorance congeals all the sources of its nourishment, and casts a deep immoveable cloud over the intellect, there is no principle independent of sentiment on which we can constantly rely. The laws that we frame are found inadequate to the circumstances that arise; every new situation, every particular event has features that distinguish it from others; has duties peculiarly its own.—The inscrutable powers of pure sentiment, allied as they are to nature, must be called forth, and to their decision, as to the chancery of the mind, the legislation of principle, and the precedents of experience must submit.

T. N.

Blackheath, May 7th, 1806.

PALEMON.

THE SKETCH OF A FACT.

To a void and unfeeling mind the richest objects of admiration pass unobserved or unadmired: but to the heart susceptible of sensibility the smallest incident affords a boundless field for reflection, and opens a passage to the fanciful and unlimited sallies of imagination.

About the middle of June, on my return from the university of Oxford, though I had visited some of the most enchanting scenes of nature, as well as the mechanical wonders of art, my mind received the most permanent impression from an object, in itself the most trivial to appearance. Chance led me to Worcester, and as I walked with a friend in the cloisters of the cathedral, a small tombstone in the western corner caught my eye, with only the single Latin word "Miserrimus," *the most wretched of men*, inscribed on it. It is needless to mention the crowd of suggestions that at once arose on my mind; some souls can conceive more from a hint than others from the most florid description. I could not help exclaiming,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire *might* have sway'd,
Or wak'd to exstacy the living lyre."

But my friend soon convinced me, by the short recital of a melancholy tale, that

"This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein *we* play."

What I shall relate (says he) may perhaps convince you that the good are to look beyond this world for their reward; and it may serve to shew how small an incident may be the origin of the greatest event of a man's life. Though my tale may be destitute of the interesting adventures of fiction, I hope it will claim some attention when I assure you it has truth for its basis.

At a watering trough on the road side near Hagley, one summer's afternoon, young Palemon stopped to water a little horse he rode. It happened also that an elderly gentleman was at the same instant engaged in the same act. Travellers dwell not on formal introductions; the old gentleman was pleased with the open and innocent conversation of Palemon; and he, on the other hand, had every reason to be highly delighted with the affectionate behaviour of his aged companion. It may be sufficient to say, that as they were journeying to the same town, the old gentleman urgently invited Palemon to his house: he was the grandfather of Amelia. The since elegant and accomplished Amelia was then but a child, younger than Palemon. Together would they play, and indulge with temporary pleasure each puerile recreation; though they met and parted almost with indifference.

This acquaintance continued for some years, until Palemon, passing in his way to the University, stopped a few days at the house of his friends. He was now more than seventeen, and had made considerable progress in most of the polite arts, and took great delight in accompanying the voice of Amelia on the piano-forte; nor did her mental and personal improvement fail to gain its due influence over his heart: she had in her disposition and person every thing that was desirable in a partner for life. He now felt at his parting with her an unusual heaviness; and during the rest of the journey was pensive and dejected; and if at any time she occurred to his thoughts, his mind became agitated and confused. The first ligatures of love are so slender as to be scarcely perceptible, but on receiving the smallest encouragement they become irresistibly strong.

I need not (continued my friend) detain you with intermediate circumstances. I could repeat to you their successive interviews for several years, replete with the most tender and interest-

ing scenes, but I will be brief as possible. Was I to attempt to speak of the character of Amelia, or of her parents and family—the highest praises I could produce would be inadequate to their merits. The records of hospitals and charitable institutions, the gratitude of the poor, and the voice of all their acquaintance, may better avail than my poor efforts. Palemon, too, was a youth of unspotted reputation and admired accomplishments, nor were his merits unknown or unnoticed by Amelia or her parents. He was heir to a considerable estate, inferior to but few for the beauty of its groves, which, though small, possessed claims that larger ones were strangers to. Is it not singular, then, that such happy lovers should go uncrowned with the blessings of Hymen?

But I should have told you (continued he) that Palemon had a father, who, though very far from being an avaricious man, was yet a man of the world: he thought a handsome fortune was not to be rejected, whatever the mistress of it might be, and however love might be concerned. He had permitted, and even encouraged, his son's acquaintance in this family, unmindful of any engagement of affections, for he had previously in view a more lucrative connexion for his son; but the instant he discovered the attachment, he forbade his son the house of his friend on pain of being disinherited. But love is not easily rooted out, much less transplanted. Palemon continued to visit privately, and correspond through the confidence of a friend; yet he was twice detected, and twice, on intercession, forgiven: but was threatened in the most solemn manner with deprivation of every acre of land on his third revolt from duty. But love and danger ill suit the scales. He again visited the dear object of his heart, and was cut off from every shilling. She still loved him rather with augmented than diminished affection; and it is supposed would even have married him after his misfortune. But he always declared that he never would marry her if deprived of the power of making her happy. He might have been admitted into the family, but to receive favours that can never be repaid, is one of the hardest tasks of a generous heart.

About this time (says my friend) he formed the determination of seeking that prosperity abroad which his country denied him. He went, but did not return for some years; indeed he was generally supposed to be dead; when, to the astonishment of all, he returned with considerable prosperity: and, to his surprise, found his father had died, and had ordered that if ever his son returned, his estates might be restored him. Palemon, happy Palemon, elated beyond even the most sanguine hopes, instantly flew to his dear Amelia, and found her—in the arms of a wealthy citizen! Imagine his sensations—I cannot describe them. He returned to his father's country seat, and pined awhile amid the scenes of youthful happiness, reflected on his former interviews of love—and laid down to die of a broken heart.

Towards his last moments he sent for me. When I came he was in bed. We had much conversation: I told him he was still young, and might yet find another Amelia. He said it could not be—but desired me to look at his will; he then uttered a short prayer, and laid down while I read it. I found he had left his principal property to Amelia. He desired I would fetch him her portrait, he said he would bequeath it to me as his last and best gift to his friend, it was in a drawer in his library. I went—and I may say as with poor Eugenius—he followed me with his eyes to the door, closed them, and never opened them more.

Here my friend paused. I think I saw a tear in his eye.

After a short interval he resumed his narrative. When I had paid the last sad tribute to the poor remains of Palemon, I hastened to Amelia: but I hastened to another scene of wretchedness. I was informed that her end was near; that since the arrival of Palemon she had refused every support of mind and body. The dejection of woe was strongly depicted on the face of every domestic. I feared for the worst, yet dared not make farther enquiry. I entered the chamber of sorrow, but the cold hand of death had for ever closed the eyes of Amelia, of—my Wife!

Good God! your wife! you the husband of Amelia?

Yes, Sir, I was born to be unhappy; but you may share the sweet blessings of felicity and love. Yet at some future day, in the mansions of joy and prosperity, cast sometimes a thought on my wretched life of penance and misery, and let some tender heart drop a tear at the recital of my woes: and when I am dead, let the word MISERRIMUS be inscribed on my grave.

MUSIPHILUS.

PARENTAL RESENTMENT EXEMPLIFIED;

OR

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It has frequently afforded matter for discussion, whether the parental or filial duties acted more forcibly upon the human mind; and the page of history has been searched to produce instances in support of arguments on either side. Æneas rescuing his aged father from the devouring flame, and the Grecian Daughter sustaining the existence of a beloved parent with that nutriment which nature bestowed at that critical moment, are circumstances which equally prove the force of those tender ties; and it would be difficult to say which operates with the greatest tenderness, the love of a child to a parent, or the affection of a parent to a child. Nature evidently leans to the side of the parent, yet how many instances of want of parental tenderness might be produced, where mortified pride and ambitious projects have rendered callous all the fine feelings of the heart, and where an amiable child has been totally discarded for not being able to conquer an attachment which the parents disapproved; and as a circumstance of this nature occurred to the object of my affection, I shall relate it for the amusement of those who peruse this work. Though partial to society, I derive a secret satisfaction from a solitary ramble, where I can undisturbedly indulge a rational train of thoughts, and having dined with a friend in Portman-square, who is a member of parliament, I refused to accompany him to the House; preferring a walk in those beautiful fields which lead to Hampstead to hearing a Senatorial debate.

My mind was completely absorbed by a train of reflections which the beauty of the evening had inspired, that I scarcely thought myself a terrestrial being, for on the wings of imagination I mounted to the skies! I was roused, however, from these transporting ideas by the plaintive voice of a child, who with tears besought me to come to the relief of her mamma. Gainsborough's picture of an angel, was never half so beautiful as was the countenance of this lovely child; her auburn hair seemed to have been divided in ringlets, for the purpose of displaying her sapphire eyes, and every limb was formed with such perfect symmetry, that it was impossible to behold her without a mixture of delight and surprise.

"Where is your mamma, my little angel?" said I, tenderly taking the hand of the child. "There, there," she replied, pointing to a female, whom I beheld seated upon a bank. I flew to the spot, and beheld a being whose appearance was calculated to excite sympathy in the most insensible mind; for she possessed all her sex's softness, blended with a dignity that might have proclaimed her a queen. Her dress was plain and simple, a small spaniel was lying by her side; I intreated her to inform me in what manner I could be useful, as she appeared to be in the greatest pain.

In the most polished terms she expressed her acknowledgments, at the same time informing me that she feared her ancle bone was broken, as she had inadvertently trod upon a stone which had given way, and the joints twisted under her with the sudden pain she felt. Pointing to a small cottage surrounded with a little piece of garden ground, she entreated me to do her the favour of requesting the owner of it to come to her relief: "for that (said she) is my humble residence, and I ought to bless Heaven that I am so near my home."

I instantly obeyed the mandate, and found the honest man occupied in adorning a little parterre. "The lady who lodges with you, my good friend, has met with an accident, and requests your assistance in the adjoining field." Scarcely had I communicated this unwelcome intelligence when, throwing down his spade, and calling to a young woman to follow him, he bounded over the hedge, and in an instant was out of sight. The young woman seemed little less concerned than her husband. "This accident (said she) will almost break the poor dear lady's heart; for the only pleasure she has is in walking out morning and evening with her sweet little girl."

Though my curiosity was raised, I did not think myself authorized to ask any questions; we soon reached the disabled fair; and my companion no sooner witnessed the evident pain she suffered, than she burst into a flood of tears. "Do not alarm yourself, my dear Sally (said the enchanting creature, endeavouring to force an angelic smile), but you know I was never able to bear pain without complaint." "You bear every thing like an angel, I am sure (replied Sally), and to think there's to be no end to your sufferings is enough to break one's heart."

A mild shake of the head, and a finger erected, was a sufficient hint to Sally not to say more; when the stranger proposed to attempt reaching her humble dwelling by leaning upon the gardener and his wife's arm. Against this plan I warmly remonstrated, and at length persuaded

her to allow the gardener and myself to convey her in a chair; to which proposal, after much difficulty, she consented, as she found it impossible to put her ancle upon the ground. Honest Thomas proposed immediately running for a doctor, but this office I insisted on taking upon myself, and as an old friend of mine lived within a short distance, I made the utmost haste to his house; and upon his examining the ancle, I had the satisfaction of hearing it was badly sprained, but not broken.

Upon taking leave of Mrs. Mortimer (for by that appellation Sally accosted her), I intreated permission to enquire after her health on the following day; and as the little Matilda and myself were already upon terms of friendship, she repeatedly desired me not to fail coming soon. The humble apartment into which we had conveyed the accomplished Mrs. Mortimer, ill accorded with the polished manners of the being by whom it was filled; a few well chosen books were suspended upon hanging shelves, and several pieces of work were carefully folded up, which appeared to be different parts of an elegant dress. That these did not belong to the fair inhabitant of the humble dwelling was evident; I was convinced that her existence was supported by the ingenuity of her hands, yet my heart sickened at the bare idea of a creature so formed to grace society, being compelled to work for her daily bread.

The image of this accomplished woman perfectly haunted my imagination, it not only occupied my evening reflections, but presented itself in my nightly dreams; and that I might have the happiness of finding her affections were at liberty was the first wish of my heart. Frequently had I ridiculed the folly of sudden attachments, yet I was convinced the anxiety I experienced was too strong a symptom of the tender passion to leave the slightest doubt; and as my sleep was short and interrupted, I arose at an early hour, and by an involuntary impulse, my steps were directed towards the New-Road. My heart beat with a new and lively emotion, as my eye caught a glimpse of the humble abode of a being who was formed to adorn a palace, and who would have graced the splendour of an Eastern throne. Just as I reached the little wicket, honest Thomas was in the act of opening it, to go to his daily work. "Your Honour is an early riser;" said he, respectfully taking off his hat. I replied in the affirmative, falsely asserting, that I generally rambled in those beauteous fields; and endeavouring to conceal the interest I felt in the fate of his lodger, enquired if he could inform me whether she had passed a good night.

"She has not slept one minute, Sir," replied the sympathizing fellow, "for my Sally would not leave her the whole night; it is a mortal sad thing," he continued, "that such an angel as she is should meet with such mishaps; but, Lord help her, that would be nothing, if she could have but a little peace of mind."

To restrain my curiosity I now found impracticable; and I enquired whether he had known the lady for any length of time.—"Knowed her! why I knowed her, Sir, ever since she was no bigger than Miss Matilda—Why, I lived with Sir Christopher a matter of fifteen years, and from a mere child she always was an angel, if there ever was one upon the face of this yearth." "And what relation, my good friend," I eagerly demanded, "was Sir Christopher to the lady who lodges in your house?" "Relation, Sir! why own flesh and blood she is to him.—But, Lord help me, what a fool I have been? Your honour took me by surprise, as I may say; though I had promised Madam ne'er to tell a creature what a great gentlewoman she was; more shame for her to be obliged to yearn her own livelihood, when her old rogue of a father is riding in his coach and six."

The promise of secrecy having once been inadvertently broken, I was persuaded my communicative companion would have given every intelligence I could have required; but I informed him, that as in honour he was bound to maintain silence; I would only ask one question which I intreated him to resolve, and inform me whether Mrs. Mortimer was a widow or a wife.

"A wife! No, Sir, worse luck for the poor dear creature; do you think she would be forced to yearn her own living if the worthy Captain was alive? Why, Lord bless your honour, he would scarce let the wind blow upon her, he loved the very ground that she walked upon, as a body may say—but he is dead and gone; God rest his soul in heaven, for a worthier gentleman never drew breath"

The clock at this moment announced the hour of seven, when honest Thomas, suddenly roused by the sound, wished me a good morning, declaring he had no idea the day was so far advanced. Putting my hand in my pocket I took out a dollar, and intreated the worthy fellow to drink mine and his lodger's health; "but pray, Sir, by what name am I to drink your honour's?" said he, respectfully removing his hat. This enquiry was exactly what I wanted, as I was anxious that Mrs. Mortimer should know my name, therefore taking a ticket from my pocket, I put it into my companion's hand.

I have frequently been astonished at observing the sudden effects of a title upon the uneducated

part of mankind; yet I never beheld so striking a transition in the countenance of an individual as in that of honest Thomas at perusing my card. "My Lord, I beg your Lordship ten thousand pardons for speaking so familiarly," said he, bowing to the ground, "I knew, to be sure, as how your honour was a gentleman, but it never once comed into my head that you was a lord." "Put your hat on, my good fellow," I replied, amused by his simplicity, "and believe that you paid me a much greater compliment in thinking me a gentleman, than you could have done in discovering that I was a lord; for I am sorry to say, there are many who bear that title whose manners would put a gentleman to the blush."

Upon taking leave of honest Thomas, I extended my morning ramble, until I found myself at the bottom of Highgate Hill, and as I was in a frame of mind to have ascended the Alps without finding it an exertion, I resolved to mount it, and breakfast at the first decent inn. Eating, however, was out of the question. I felt, like the cameleon, capable of living upon air; or, in other words, I existed upon the delightful intelligence which I had so recently heard.

Matilda was free! there was exstacy in the reflection that I might restore her to that rank in society which she was so peculiarly formed to grace. And so romantically did I feel the force of the tender passion, that I could scarcely avoid engraving her name upon every shrub and tree. An open book proved to me that the all-accomplished Mrs. Mortimer bore the same name as her child, and I fancied every bird chaunted forth a note like that of Matilda, and that it was wafted upon my ears by every zephyrus breeze.

I protracted my walk until near eleven, and then ventured to enquire after the charming woman's health; the lovely little Hebe ran out to proclaim my welcome, but alarmed me by saying the doctor had ordered her mamma not to get out of bed, and the sympathizing Sally informed me the amiable sufferer had not even closed her eyes; and though I had not courage enough to be particular in my inquiries, I would have forfeited half my income to have dared presenting her with fifty pounds.

In what way to render assistance to the amiable sufferer I knew not; at length the idea struck me that a female could act with less reserve, and I instantly called upon my sister, and in confidence imparted all I knew. After rallying me with severity upon this sudden attachment, and the truly romantic appearance which it bore, she kindly promised to introduce herself to the fair unknown. As my impatience was too great to admit of formality, I would not leave her until she had assured me she would frame some plausible excuse for calling upon Mrs. Mortimer in the course of the afternoon.

To this amiable sister I am not only attached by the ties of nature, but still more so, from observing a thousand instances of the goodness of her heart; and though what may sometimes appear levity of conduct absolutely springs from innocence of mind. She is lovely in her person, though far inferior to Mrs. Mortimer. With the admiration naturally paid to a beautiful woman, she evidently is gratified, and her person receives all those adventitious aids of ornament by which she fancies her charms are improved. Though she had promised to drive immediately to Matilda's humble dwelling, and though upon handing her into the carriage, she assured me she would not make a single call, yet a dress which was to be finished by the following Thursday struck her of too much importance to be neglected an hour; and instead of driving to Hampstead, the coachman was ordered first to go to Mrs. Tiffany's, in Bond-street.

At the moment my sister descended from the carriage, a young woman entered the shop, and spreading some elegant work upon the counter, said, she was sorry to inform her the lady who had undertaken to complete it was confined to her bed, from an unfortunate accident which had happened the preceding afternoon. "And can she not work as well in bed as up?" enquired the unfeeling monster; "I am happy, however," she continued, addressing herself to my sister, "that your Ladyship is here; for should I not be able to get your Ladyship's dress completed, you will know that the fault is not mine; for I assure you, Ma'am, I would not have given it to the woman, if she had not sacredly promised to finish it by your Ladyship's time; but I don't know who would have to do with such creatures, if they could but find people to employ at home."

"Creatures!" exclaimed the young woman who had brought the unfinished drapery, "I would have you learn to speak of your betters with a little more respect.—Oh Lord! that ever I should have lived to see the day that my young Lady should be forced to work for such an unfeeling wretch!" "Out of my shop this instant, you vile hussey!" exclaimed Mrs. Tiffany.—Sally was obeying the mandate (for it was herself,) when my sister caught her by the arm, and intreated her to get into the carriage, as she was resolved to call upon the Lady to whom the accident had occurred.

That Mrs. Mortimer had supported herself and lovely offspring by her own industry I had informed my sister, and the moment an accident

was mentioned, she was convinced the person alluded to was the being who had made so strong an impression upon my heart. This channel of communication was fortunately opened between them, which prevented me from appearing a party concerned. To the attached Sally my sister easily apologized for her intended visit, by saying she was resolved to wait until the Lady was sufficiently recovered to finish her gown, and as indisposition naturally increased expence, she begged the worthy creature to accept a ten pound note, for the purpose of supplying her lodger with those little indulgences her situation might demand.

"Oh, Madam!" said the affectionate creature, "was I to accept this mark of your generosity it would break my poor young Lady's heart; for kind as you are, too well do I know her to dare to offer her a stranger's gift." "You are a good creature," replied Charlotte, "and you must do me the favour of accepting this trifle for yourself; and the only return I beg is that you will introduce me to Mrs. Mortimer, as the lady for whom she had undertaken to work a dress."

Fair as I had represented the form, and elegant as I had painted the manners of the being who had won my affection in so singular a way, yet my sister acknowledged I had scarcely done justice to the most lovely creature her eyes had ever beheld. My name was never mentioned at their first interview. The accident was alluded to by the fair sufferer, as a misfortune which could not have been foreseen; yet I could not help feeling sensibly mortified at finding that she seemed totally to have forgotten the attentions she had received. To cherish resentment, however, I found impracticable; I called upon Mrs. Mortimer on the evening of the following day, and upon hearing she was down stairs, I sent in my compliments, and intreated permission to enquire after her health.

"I could not" said the angelic creature, "deny myself the satisfaction of expressing my acknowledgements to your Lordship for your polite attention the other night, as I am fearful the pain I then suffered must have made me appear both ungrateful and ill-bred; yet I must candidly tell you that I do not receive visits, even from my own sex; for retirement is not only congenial to my disposition, but actually necessary in my present state."

At that moment the little Matilda came jumping into the apartment, exclaiming, "Oh Mamma, that sweet lady is coming who was here yesterday! and she has brought a doll with her, almost as big as Sally's little babe." Vexation and embarrassment overspread the fine countenance of Mrs. Mortimer, but recovering herself in a moment, she said, "My Lord I must intreat you to retire; compassion induced the amiable Lady C— to call upon me, and it might injure me in her opinion to find a person of your Lordship's rank here. Unprotected females cannot act with too much precaution, and there are reasons why I should be peculiarly circumspect." The precaution, notwithstanding, proved unavailing, for Charlotte at that moment entered the room, and after congratulating Mrs. Mortimer upon being able to quit her chamber, exclaimed, "Why, my dear brother, who would have thought of finding you here?"

The angelic creature's countenance was suffused with the finest vermilion, as she alternately observed us both; my unceremonious sister, regardless of the confusion she had occasioned, desired me to make one of my best bows, as she had something very particular to communicate to Mrs. Mortimer, which she did not chuse I should hear. I obeyed the order with evident reluctance, impatient to know the secret she wished to impart; but unfortunately I had made an engagement which prevented me from seeing her again until the following day.

Charlotte had contrived, during her first ride to Mrs. Mortimer's lowly residence, to obtain from the attached Sally the principal events of her life, and being personally known to Sir Christopher, she resolved to make him acquainted with the forlorn situation of his only child. This unfeeling father had rejected every overture which had been made him in the behalf of the amiable creature to whom he had given birth, and refused even making her the slightest allowance, though he knew that she even wanted the common necessaries of life. The crime she had been guilty of was marrying a man without fortune, whom he had not only introduced into his house, but actually treated with as much affection as if he had been his son, but who, upon discovering his attachment to his daughter, he had inhospitably turned out of doors. The attachment between the young people, however, was too strong to be easily broken, and Gretna Green presented itself as the only means of making their fate one, for Captain Mortimer was scarcely one-and-twenty, and the blooming Matilda only seventeen. Compensated for the loss of fortune, by the increasing affection of her husband, two happy years glided rapidly over; when called upon by the duty he owed his country, a painful separation took place, and fate decreed that this gallant young man never more should behold the face of a beloved wife.

The small pension allowed officer's widows was all the support Matilda had to rely upon for the subsistence of herself and child; and recollecting that two servants who had resided in her father's family had a small cottage near London, she re-

solved to take up her future residence there; and finding her income not sufficient for her moderate expences, she increased it by receiving work from different shops, and two years had passed in this retirement, when our accidental interview took place.

So impatiently did I long to know the nature of Charlotte's secret, that I was in Harley-street two hours before she arose, and the transports I felt at hearing she had effected a reconciliation between Sir Christopher and his daughter may be imagined, but not easily described; it was by mere accident that the unnatural being was in London, as he had a rooted aversion to the place; in short, dogs and horses constituted all his happiness, and he was fond of the country, from being able to enjoy field sports. Sir Christopher had been remarkably struck with a favourite spaniel of my sister's, which he had seen at Brighton the preceding year, and which he had wished to purchase for the sake of its breed. This animal she therefore resolved should become an excuse for her visit, and ordering her to be put into the carriage, she drove to Ibbetson's hotel, and no sooner did the jolly sportsman cast his eye upon Miss Sylvia, than a cordial smile of welcome ornamented his ruddy face.

" I understand, Sir Christopher," said Charlotte, " you are desperately in love with a young lady of my acquaintance, who is endowed with many personal charms." Your Ladyship is pleased to be merry at the expence of an old fellow," rejoined the testy Baronet, evidently discomposed by the remark.

" I never was more serious, upon my honour," replied Charlotte, " and I actually came for the sole purpose of placing her under your care; but on condition that you will grant a request I intend to make." So saying, she took her favourite by the collar, and presented her to the delighted Sir C—.

That Charlotte should even know that he had a daughter in existence, was not probable, as they had merely accidentally met at the sea-side, and though the cruelty of his conduct to that daughter had interested her friends and relations, yet before her marriage he was persuaded Mrs. Mortimer had not even known my sister by name; therefore he had not the slightest idea that the request could have any connection with his child. After expressing his warmest thanks for the gift, he intreated my sister to give him an opportunity of convincing her how much her boon was prized, and only to name in what manner he could oblige her, as he was impatient to grant her request.

" You have a daughter, Sir Christopher, one of the most amiable and accomplished of women; who is reduced to the necessity of taking in work to support herself and a lovely child. Yet this is not all, for she is exposed to the degrading insults of every paltry shopkeeper by whom she is employed. I witnessed the treatment she is compelled to put up with—every feeling of humanity revolted at what I beheld; and I resolved to make you acquainted with it, convinced that it is to your ignorance of her situation that she is exposed to such distress; for though resentment might for a time stifle the voice of nature, yet Sir Christopher C. I am persuaded, will avenge the insults his daughter has received."

Here my sister paused, though during this speech she had fixed her eyes steadfastly upon his countenance, which alternately varied from red to pale; and for several moments he paced the apartments too much agitated to be able to speak. At length turning short, he caught the hands of his companion, and with a voice almost suffocated with emotion, said, " Where is the wretch, madam, who has dared to insult my poor child? for though I have cast her from me, I will protect her from degradation as long as I have life."

The sensibility of my dear Charlotte's disposition soon displayed itself; she burst into a flood of tears, assuring him that the only way in which he could shield his daughter from insult was by receiving her under his roof. " But depend upon it, my dear Sir," said she, " you will not long enjoy the blessing of her society, for my brother, I am persuaded, will take the citadel by storm; he has seen and actually adores your Matilda; and merely waits your permission to make her an offer of his heart."

Whether nature asserted her powers over the feelings of this too long inveterate father, or whether shame produced that which duty could not overcome, is a circumstance which it would be difficult to find out. But my sister had the happiness of hearing him declare his readiness to receive his daughter under his roof, as soon as he had finished the business which had brought him to town.

This was the intelligence my amiable sister was so anxious to communicate; and to add to my happiness, she had insisted upon the fair Matilda's quitting her humble abode and remaining in Harley-street, until Sir Christopher's business was arranged.

As the *dénouément* of my narration may probably be anticipated, I shall merely say, I am now the happiest of mankind, though near two years elapsed before I could persuade the amiable Matilda to enter a second time into the marriage state. Singular as it may seem, we frequently converse hours together upon the amiable qualities of the man who first made an impression upon her youthful heart. And so far

from feeling hurt, at the tenderness she expresses for his memory, it gives me a secret gratification which I could not easily describe; in short, it convinces me that a similar respect will be paid to my memory, if my wife should survive. Honest Thomas I have raised to the post of bailiff, Sally fills the double department of housekeeper and lady's-maid; her little boy is nursed by the wife of my gardener; and it would be difficult to find a happier family than ours.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE POET BERONICIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

I BEG leave to present for insertion in your Magazine an account of the poet Beronicius, and shall hence forward expect that Hawkesworth's account of the "admirable Creighton," will no more be received with suspicion and doubt.

In 1672, a small book was printed at Amsterdam, entitled, "Georgarchontomachiæ, sive Expugnatæ Messopolis, Libri Duo, Carmine Epico extemporaneo conscripti, Auctore, N. Autopte."—"Boeren-en Overheids Strijd, ofte het innemen van Middelburg, in Heldendigt uit de vuist weg beschreven, en begrepen in twee Boeken, Door Een Ooggetnige, Met vryen trant vertaalt; Door P. Rabus."

The fourth edition of this book appeared in Amsterdam in 1716, in 12mo. 204 pages, with fine copper-plate engravings, entitled, "P. J. Beronicii, Poetæ incomparabilis, quæ extant, P. Rabus; recensuit et Georgarchontomachiæ notas addidit. Editio quarta emendatius curata. Boeren en Overheids strijd, voor de vuist gedicht door P. J. Beronicius, in't Nederduitsch overgeret door P. Rabus. Nevens eenige andere Gedichten, en een Byvoegsel, Van s' Mans Leven in de Voorreden. De vierde druk, merkelyk verbetert, en met (5) koper platen gesiert."

Battle between peasants and magistrates (in 1672), or the taking of Middelburg; in heroic verse, written immediately from the extempore recitation in Latin, and contained in two books, by an eye-witness, (meaning likewise ear-witness); freely translated into Dutch prose, by P. Rabus.

The whole poem consists of 920 lines; and at the end are eight odes, and a satire, together 514 lines, likewise in Latin.—Two congratulatory odes on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in Vlissingen, 1668; on the death of Jacob Michielse, M. D. 1671; one congratulatory on the election of a Burgermaster; on the Polyglot Bible; an Epithalamium on the nuptials of Professor John de Raay; a Complimentary Ode to William III. Prince of Orange and Nassau; and a Satire on a Philosopher.

The following account of the author is taken from a small book of Lectures, in Latin, by Ant. Borremans, printed at Amsterdam in 1676; and from a Dutch preface to the Poem, by P. Rabus.

Besides this volume, no other works of Beronicius are to be found; because this most wonderful poet, and the most extraordinary ever heard of, never wrote his verses, but recited them off-hand; and when he was once set a going, with such celerity, that a swift writer could with great difficulty keep up with him, and thus a great number of his verses are lost.

In the year 1674, the celebrated Dutch poet, Antonides Vander Goes, (who died in 1684), being in Zealand, happened to be in company with a young gentleman who spoke very highly in praise of the wonderful quickness and incredible memory of his language-master, Beronicius. Antonides and others who were present expressed a desire to see such an extraordinary genius. They had scarcely spoken, when there entered a little, black, round, thick fellow, with hardly a rag to his back, like blackguard. But on closer examination, something uncommon and lofty appeared in his carriage, and the expression in his countenance was serious, and blended with a majestic peculiarity. His eyes glowed like fiery coals, and his arms and legs were in a perpetual nimble motion. Every one greedily eyed him, welcomed him, and asked him if it were all true, that his pupil had been telling them. "True?" said that singular creature, "yes; 'tis all perfectly true." And when they answered that they could not so lighty believe such incredible things, the man grew angry, and reviled the whole company, telling them they were only a parcel of beasts and asses.

He had at that time, as was his daily custom, drank a glass too much, and that was the cause of his bullying them and bragging of his own wonderful powers by which he could make all manner of verses extempore. But those to whom he told this, looked on him as a mad Orlando, out of whose mouth the wine spoke. Upon which he continued to tell them, how he was the man who had added eight hundred words to the great dictionary of *Calepin*. How he could immediately correctly versify any thing on any subject he had only once heard; and lastly, how he had many times, standing or walking, translated the weekly newspapers into Greek or Latin verses.

Nobody appearing willing to believe him, he

ran out of the house, cursing and swearing as if he had been possessed. The same company met the next day at the principal tavern in Middelburg; and after dinner, the conversation happened to turn on a sea fight which had lately been fought by the Hollanders and Zealanders against the English. Among others who were killed, was a Captain *de Haze*, a Zealand naval hero, and on whom Antonides had composed the following epitaph.

[The original being six lines in Dutch verse, is not worth inserting.]

The point turns on the name, *de Haze* signifying *the hare*, and the poet says the Zealand hares turned to lions. He had a written copy of this for one of the company, when Beronicius entered accompanied by his pupil. He excused himself for his extravagances of the day before, and begged pardon, hoping they would attribute his misbehaviour to the liquor, and forgive him. He then directly began to talk of his poetical powers, and offered to give them a specimen if they chose it.

As they now found that, being sober, he repeated what he had bragged of when drunk, they undertook to try him so as to get at the truth.—A fair opportunity offered, as Antonides had just shewn him his verses, and asked his opinion of them. Beronicius read them twice, praised them, and said, "What should hinder me from turning them into Latin instantly?" They viewed him with wonder, and encouraged him by saying, "well, pray let us see what you can do." In the mean time the man appeared to be startled. He trembled from head to foot as if possessed by Apollo. However, before he began his work, he asked the precise meaning of two or three Dutch words, of which he did not clearly understand the force; and requested that he might be allowed to Latinize the Captain's name of *Hare*, in some manner so as not to lose the pun. They agreed; and he immediately said, "I have already found it, I shall call him *Dasypus*:" which signifies an animal with rough legs, and is likewise taken by the Greeks for a hare. "Now, read a couple of lines at a time to me, and I shall give them in Latin. Upon which a poet, named Buizero, began to read to him, and Beronicius burst out in the following verses:—

Egregia *Dasypus* referens virtute leonem
In bello, adversus Britonas super æquora gesto,
Impavidus pelago stetit, aggrediente molossûm
Agmine, quem tandem glans ferrea misit ad astra,
Vindictæ cupidum violato jure profundi.
Advena, quisquis ades, Zelandæ encomia gentis
Ista refer, lepores demta quod pelle leonem
Assumant, quotquot nostro versantur in orbe.

Epitaphium Herois Adriani de Haze,
Ex Belgico versum.

When our poet had finished, he began to laugh till his sides shook, jeering and pointing at the persons in company, who appeared surprised at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himself so well; every body highly praised him, which elated him so much that he began to scratch his head three or four times; and fixing his fiery eyes on the ground, repeated, without hesitation, the same epigram in Greek verse, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek."

Every one was astonished, which set him a laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

It is a pity we have not the Greek, which he repeated so rapidly, that no one could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnich, professor of the Greek language at Duisburg, was one of the auditors, and said he thought the Greek version surpassed the Latin. Beronicius was afterwards examined in various ways, and always gave such proofs of his wonderful learning as amazed all the audience.

Beronicius spoke several languages so perfectly that each might have passed for his mother tongue; especially Italian, French, and English. As to his Latin, the celebrated Gronovius was fearful of conversing with him in that language. But Greek was his hobby-horse; Greek was the delight of his life, and he spoke it as correctly and as fluently as if he sucked it in with his pap. He conversed with the above-named Professor Gymnich, in Greek, and ended with these words: "I am quite weary of talking any longer with you in Greek, for, really, my pupils who have been taught a twelvemonth by me, speak it much better than you do." This was not very polite, but he was not to be restrained; and he often spoke his mind so freely, that he was threatened with a thrashing: on such occasions he was the first to step forward, and to show that he was not at all averse to a battle.—Saying,

—Age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla.

He gave excellent accounts of all the ancient Greek and Roman authors; his opinions of whose writings were always correct, complete, and delivered with great judgment, and without hesitation. He could immediately distinguish genuine writings, and was a perfect master in the knowledge of the various styles, measures, and idioms. Besides which, his memory was prodigious. He knew by heart the whole of *Horace*, and *Virgil*, the greatest part of *Cicero*, and both the *Plinys*; and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole passage, and tell the exact work, book, chapter, and verse, of all these, and many more, especially poets. As to *Juvenal*, his works were so interwoven in his brain, that he perfectly retained every word, nay every letter.

Of the Greek poets, he had Homer, (that greatest of all triflers—hold, this does not become me—that father of the poets), [*this is said by P. Rabus*], so strongly imprinted in his memory, together with some of the comedies of Aristophanes, that he could directly turn to any line required, and repeat the whole sentence.—It will be seen in the following pages, that his Latin is full of words selected from all the most celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be desirous of knowing what countryman our extraordinary poet, Beronicius, was; but this is a secret which he never would discover. When he was asked which was his country, he always answered, "that the country of every one was that in which he could best live comfortably." Some said he had been a Professor in France, others a Jesuit, a Monk; but this was merely conjecture. It was well known that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and particularly the Netherlands, carrying, like a second *Bias*, his whole property about with him. He was sometimes told he deserved to be a Professor of a college; he replied, that he did not delight in such a worm-like life. Notwithstanding which, poor man! he gained his living chiefly by sweeping chimnies, grinding knives and scissars, and other mean labours. But his chief delight was in pursuing the occupations of juggler, mountebank, or merry-andrew, among the lowest rabble. He never gave himself any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dressed like a nobleman or a beggar; nature was always satisfied with very little. His hours of relaxation from his book-studies were chiefly spent in paltry wine-houses, with the meanest company, where he would sometimes remain a whole week or more, drinking, without rest or intermission.

His bitter and miserable death gave reason to believe that he perished whilst intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middelburg, drowned and smothered in mud; which circumstance was mentioned in the epitaph which the before-named poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, as follows (literally translated):—

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He liv'd and died like a beast;
He was a most uncommon satyr,
He liv'd in wine, and dy'd in water.

This is all that is known about Beronicius. As to his translating, or rather reading, the Dutch newspapers off hand in Greek or Latin verse, the poet Antonides often witnessed his exertion of this wonderful talent; and so did Professor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Beronicius's death, which was in 1676, and had been acquainted with him above twenty years. There are at present (1716), still living at Rotterdam, two gentlemen who knew him in Zealand, to one of whom he had taught the French language.

He is slightly mentioned in the seventh edition of *Le Nouveau Dictionaire Historique*, printed at Caen in 1789, in a few lines taken from Borreman's Latin book, from which most part of the foregoing is taken.

He is not mentioned by Bayle. Moreri has slightly mentioned him; and the new Biographical Dictionary, in 15 vols. 8vo. 1798 has likewise half a dozen lines about him. I am, Sir &c.

J——.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE,

AS

AN AFFECTION NECESSARY TO PROMOTE AND INSURE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

There is no affection of which the human mind is susceptible to be compared with that of love. It is an affection that has, in its purest state, a greater influence on the manners, the dispositions, and the conduct of mankind than any other. And if there be an object which we sincerely love, and really prefer to another, every effort, consistent with propriety and decorum, that nature, reason, education, fortune, and circumstances may place within our reach, will readily and zealously be made use of with a view to make ourselves agreeable and acceptable to that object. Pure love is the reformer of vice; it exalts virtue; it ennobles humanity; it gives to nature the polish of art, and to ignorance the refinement of learning. Love is generated by goodness; by goodness it is improved; and by goodness it is perfected and preserved. Immorality and love can never be united; in the dispensations of Providence they are opposed to each other. Man was not created to love that which degrades the dignity of rationality; he was formed for the attainment of excellence; and the highest perfection of excellence is the strongest incitement to love, and the most effectual security of its durability. Every thought, every sentiment, and every action that is contrary to the precepts of sound religion and morality, will, and must, operate eventually to the disadvantage and discouragement of an affection, the very commence-

ment and existence of which must invariably depend on propriety of conduct and dignity of character. Sentiments of attachment, and professions of regard, unfounded in real goodness, are but ebullitions of passion conspiring against duty and interest, against harmony and happiness. As the turbulent waves in the height of a tempest demand all the skill and exertion of the most experienced mariner successfully to counteract their destructive effects; so do passions of this description require all the energies of virtue, and all the powers of early and active perseverance to prevent the malignity of their operations from weakening or destroying the influence of reason and religion on the heart. Blinded by passion, virtue becomes unpalatable and religion obnoxious. Dangers surround us on every side; and the efficacy of inclination becomes more and more powerful in proportion as duty and propriety become less pleasing and agreeable.

Can we contemplate a more melancholy picture than that which must present itself to our view on merely supposing an union of persons without any correspondent union of affections? Is there a consideration in social or political life, is there an argument in philosophy, is there a precept in religion or morality, that can justify such an union? Are not the effects to be expected from it of the most alarming, the most degrading, and most mortifying kind? In such an union do we not trace every symptom of rational depravity? When passion has subsided, and subside it must, where shall we look for the genial, the salutary, the amiable and unabated warmth of virtuous affection? Passion is of a degenerating nature; it is fluctuating and unstable; it changes with circumstances and situation; fixed to no object by permanency of affection, it becomes disgusting by its constancy, and tormenting by its indifference. Overtaken by poverty or affliction, it is incapable of gratitude and destitute of tenderness and esteem. If connected with the graces of polite life it partakes not of the pleasures they are calculated to produce; if conversant with the difficulties attendant on poverty and misfortune it finds no resources of consolation from the consciousness of meritorious behaviour; ever restless and turbulent, its enjoyments are embittered by a recollection of the past, an inattention to the present, and an eager anticipation of the future.

That the power of love is an instantaneous and an uncontrollable power, is a supposition fit only to be maintained by persons of a superstitious complexion or superficial discernment. It is a fanciful delusion of the mind, calculated to ensnare the heart, corrupt the taste, vitiate the discriminating powers of the understanding, destroy the influence of sound judgment, and preclude the necessity of seriously attending to those friendly counsels of wisdom and experience which are calculated to give birth to such spirited exertions as will enable us to conquer ourselves, and triumph in the victories we acquire. Common sense was bestowed upon us for common use. We were not sent into the world to be abject slaves; the passions and the appetites to which we are subject cannot deprive us of the use of our rational faculties, nor justify us in pursuing a conduct which our judgment condemns. The smallest deviation from the path of propriety is a certain departure from the direct road to happiness; and it is more difficult to retake a post that was once in our possession, after having lost it by our negligence or imprudence, than it would have been to have kept it when it was in our power to have done so. The violence of the passions can never force conviction on the judgment; when we have been imprudent we may endeavour to justify ourselves to our friends, or to the world, and strive to make a merit of a small failing where others have been guilty of a greater; but time, and cool reflection, will convince us that the attempt is vain and futile; that in such cases there is always something wrong within, some selfish gratification, some interested passion, some latent desire, some unjustifiable pursuit, hath stolen unawares upon us, and corrupted in some degree our moral principles, vitiated our taste, and influenced our judgment. In the most arduous conflict our own exertions will always be useful to us if we will but make trial of their efficacy. Let us but consider how we ought to conduct ourselves in any given situation, and if we are but willing to act in concert with the decisions of our own judgment, we shall purchase solid and permanent happiness by the sacrifice of (comparatively speaking) a momentary enjoyment only. But if we are determined to take all opinions for granted which proceed from profligacy of character, or depravity of mind, because they are agreeable to our present taste, wishes, and inclinations, rather than consistent with reason, duty, and judgment, without examination, and without reflection, we must indeed acknowledge ourselves to be either foolish, wicked, or insane.

Our folly is never more conspicuous than when we discover an obstinate determination to follow our inclinations at all events and at all hazards. Where there is no inclination to be conquered, no desire to be checked, no imprudent connection to be dissolved, nor any improper pursuit to be abandoned, there is, there can be no opportunity to demonstrate our attachment to the prior claims of duty and virtue; but when the object of our affections is so far above or beneath us in point of rank, of education, and of virtuous prin-

ciples, as to make the prospect of our union a cause of uneasiness and regret to our friends and relations, and a probable certainty of unhappiness to ourselves by its direct and unavoidable tendency to disturb the geneneral harmony and tranquillity that subsists between those who are connected with us by the ties of blood, and the bonds of friendship, it becomes our duty to strive zealously and unremittingly for the laudable purpose of obtaining a complete victory over our own hearts; and to rest assured that the painful struggle will eventually yield to us the full possession of positive and unequivocal happiness. The first emotions of the mind are the most easily conquered; and if we were but to enquire into the origin of them we should find them frequently to proceed from incidental and adventitious causes, and not from any irresistible internal principle of solid affection for the person whom we hastily supposed to have been the occasion and the object of them. If it were otherwise we should never be safe, even in the arms of a wife or a husband; the strictest religious, philosophical, or prudential precautions, would be alike unavailing, and subject to the irresistible decrees of fate; and our most delightful enjoyments might be snatched from us, or made disagreeable to us, without any fault or act of our own.

If, instead of opposing our desires where opposition would be virtuous heroism, we give way to them, and indulge the pleasing hope that all will yet be well, our wishes completed, and our happiness confirmed, our depravity becomes sinful, our character confirmed, and our fate miserable. For sin being either the commission of a fault or the omission of a duty, it will have been confirmed in both respects; and whoever seriously thought of being happy without first being virtuous in principle, and dutiful in practice, did most egregiously deceive himself. If ever any one did seriously entertain a thought so contradictory to the nature of things, and so opposite to the precepts of religious duty, his error certainly produced a punishment in some degree proportional to the magnitude of the offence.

When we suffer ourselves to be led by our passions and inclinations into the labyrinth of errors and difficulties, and vainly attempt to obtain success by art, address, and perseverance, where it can be no otherwise effected; or, in the event of disappointment, are really determined to give up ourselves to the gloomy horrors of despair, because our projects have not succeeded according to our wishes, our hopes, and our expectations, we are but acting the part of madmen, whose highest pleasure, and most delightful enjoyment, consists in gratifying and indulging the predominant desire of the moment, regardless of all subsequent consequences.

Next to religion, there is not a subject more important in itself, more interesting to society, nor more likely to be effectually conducive to the establishment and promotion of domestic tranquillity, in all the varied scenes of private life, than this of love. It contributes to silence every discordant passion, and to generate an universal harmony in all family circles where it happily exists and presides. The wholesome influence of it is limited to no particular circle in society, nor confined to any select description of mankind. To all who possess virtuous principles, honest hearts, and ingenuous dispositions, it is accessible and equally calculated to promote and secure real and permanent happiness. By the reciprocal interchanges of virtuous affection the best interests of society are widely and successfully diffused in the world. In many instances the amiable effects of love will descend to generations unborn. The peculiar advantages arising from the reciprocal operation of it are sufficiently important to demand a very general and a very serious and deliberate attention. And it is very sincerely to be regretted that the origin, the nature, and the power of this affection should have been more generally misrepresented than that of any other of which the mind is susceptible. By writers of the greatest repute for wisdom it has been almost uniformly spoken of as an involuntary and irresistible act of the mind, frequently as wonderful and unaccountable in its operation as lamentable and disastrous in its consequences. This representation of the passion of love is as erroneous as it is injudicious and dangerous. It is the parent of disobedience and the nurse of impropriety. Happily for mankind, nature is consistent in all her proceedings. And it is to ignorance, to error, or design, that we must look in order to account for those false conceptions, and mistaken notions which are so frequently inimical to the happiness of rational, of social, and domestic life.

Right notions and apprehensions of the passion of love are rarely if ever inculcated in the human mind; and yet there is no instance in which we are more liable to be diverted from the path of duty and virtue, of propriety, and consequently of happiness, than by regarding this feeling as an uncontrollable affection; and attributing, not unfrequently, to the decisive and unmeaning power of fate, the most ordinary operations of fancy and inclination unaccompanied by reflection and judgment.

Love, like all the other affections, is capable of being excited, governed, and conquered, by every being who is susceptible of any impression from so natural, so pleasing, so delightful, so elevating a feeling. In its preparatory state, it is nothing more than a species of sincere regard for

another which we are entirely at liberty to cherish, to subdue, to discover, or conceal. If this regard should gradually grow into esteem, give birth to sentiments of tenderness, and upon reflection appear to be founded on principle, it may properly be styled love; professions and declarations of which, whenever they are made or received, should be examined with the most scrutinizing impartiality. It is not any particular and superior excellency of mind, elegance of person, harmony of features, or accomplishments of art, than can produce the affection of love founded on principle. These, indeed, may contribute to awaken attention, command respect, inspire admiration, and excite desire; but they are insufficient to establish affection and secure happiness. They are unequal to the task of generating pure love. The charms, the graces, the accomplishments of the person, and the most valuable acquisitions and endowments of the mind, must give place to solid virtues, and an uniform propriety of conduct, of which we are incapable of forming any tolerably correct judgment, but by a series of social intercourse bordering on friendship. Love at first sight is folly in extreme. The addresses and the declarations of strangers ought ever to be considered as founded on the impulses of the moment. Sudden personal preferences are no indications of sound judgment or pure affection. They ought to be received with the greatest possible circumspection and reserve; or treated with that sincerity which marks the character of an open, an ingenuous, and an enlightened mind. Preferences of this kind are altogether unworthy of the appellation of affection. They can neither be founded on a knowledge of the intrinsic worth and amiable character of the person addressed, nor on the conviction of moral propriety on the part of the addresser.

Independent of imaginary ideas, the principle of love must be entire and uniform. To be real, it must rest on certain existing qualities which are not to be developed by the hasty and superficial glance of an enamoured candidate for favour. If these qualities have an existence only in the opinion of the partial adorer, how sincere soever his attachment may be, there is no reason to presume that his love can ever be permanent. Something more is requisite for the foundation of permanent and pure affection than a mere fanciful supposition, or a premature presumptive opinion, that real excellencies of character are usual and necessary accompaniments of personal charms and accomplishments. The truth of a direct contrary inference is too often imperiously imposed upon us by the harsh, the impressive and unanswerable language of experience.—Only from similar known and established permanency of principles actuating the minds of each party, can purity and permanency of affection be expected to exist. Where these principles are wanting, or where they are omitted to be called forth, when necessary, into active service, nothing less can be supposed to happen than that the ardour of youthful impetuosity, regardless of rational decorum, and deaf to the voice of superior wisdom, will necessarily triumph over all human exertions that are unsupported by dignity and virtue. Such, indeed, is the infatuation of those who sacrifice judgment to inclination, that the violence of a passion they wish not, and consequently attempt not, to restrain, is the only apology they can make for a conduct in all respects highly reprehensible. Yet this violence of passion, wherever it exists, is always inimical to propriety and to virtue, and is consequently always of short duration. It is a temporary fever of the mind which is not unfrequently heightened by contradiction, and strengthened by disappointment. It is the common effect of imagination presiding over reason, experience, and common sense, indulged by the pleasing anticipation of happiness that never may be experienced, and of pleasures that never may be tasted.

The impressions of pure and disinterested affection are always accompanied with profound respect, unaffected generosity, and sympathetic tenderness. These qualities are inseparable from love; and however unsuccessful their influence may be, the effects they are peculiarly calculated to produce must ever be interesting.

Imagination is the court in which love principally plays the tyrant. Here apparent embarrassments of youthful modesty may furnish a cloak for intentional duplicity. Superior fortune may supersede the necessity of affection, and superior rank the propriety of sincerity; but preferences proposed or accepted with any other view than that of reciprocity of affection, are calculated to furnish ample materials for wretchedness and misery, from which no denomination of persons, under such circumstances, can reasonably expect to be exempt. Where the heart is unaffected on either side, the passions will be cold and unpleasing; the sentiments fluctuating and uninteresting, and the whole demeanour the very reverse of that which affection would wish to experience. For love can no more constitute happiness, unless it meets with a suitable return from the person beloved, than judgment can preside over conduct where the intellectual faculties are totally deranged. The heart can never be materially affected until the passions have been warmed and interested by the assistance of fancy; or the affections strengthened and confirmed by the convictions of judgment.

The order of nature is not to be reversed. True love is not, nor ever will be, the offspring of fancy. Esteem is its nursing father, and sincerity its nursing mother. In the conjugal state love is not an *art* but a *duty*. And when it is a duty that we cannot *feel*, it is a duty that we cannot *discharge*. Its offices are of the most delicate, the most refined, the most useful, and the most engaging nature. True love is never stationary; it is always actively employed in promoting domestic felicity. Under the influence of this affection life is indescribably valuable. Home becomes a paradise. It is the bosom of happiness. It has a magnetical power which at once possesses, admits, and communicates unspeakable felicity.

To prevent the existence, and consequently the influence, of love in the minds of either sex, nothing operates more powerfully on virtuous dispositions than the fear of being imposed upon by that duplicity of character which is common to ambitious, crafty, worthless, weak and vain minds; and which, for a time, is capable of being so disguised by artifice as almost to preclude the possibility of discovering the deformity. Add to this, that when we are disposed to consider the number of good qualities that are necessary to form the desirable composition of conjugal felicity, and that the admission amongst these of only *one* disagreeable property, or unamiable disposition is fully sufficient to poison the whole mixture, we shall cease to wonder that the first influence of love is weakest in those who are most capable of feeling and enjoying this most exquisite affection in its highest purity, simplicity, and perfection; and in its most refined, exalted, and desirable state of excellence.

On a view of this interesting subject we cannot but sincerely and deeply feel for those who are already unequally united. Defalcations of affection bespeak prior defalcations of principle or of conduct. Let these, if possible, be corrected, and affection may yet happily supersede indifference and neglect. Hope should never be abandoned while virtue is within our reach. Past improprieties will readily be buried in oblivion when they are atoned for by reformation of character, and a solicitous disposition to become what, in such a state, we ought to be.

May 12, 1806. L. C.

ON COWARDICE.

MR. EDITOR,

I am one of those unfortunate men who are generally stigmatized by the world with the terrible title of "*Coward.*" As soon as I was eleven years old, my father, very much against my mother's inclination, dispatched me to a boarding school, where, after hearing the usual interrogatories of the boys, "What is your name? Who is your father? What is he? Does he keep a carriage? What book are you in?" and "Have you brought any prog with you?" I found myself kicked and cuffed on all sides by urchins of seven years old. I remonstrated, cried, and threatened to tell the master, but in vain; nor could I for a considerable period understand the intention of this extraordinary discipline; but in process of time I discovered that the worrying of new boys was a general practice, and that no lad, who did not make a spirited defence against this treatment at the first attack, was received with the least consideration in the school. That, in short, all non-resistants were branded as cowards, and put at once to the only uses which cowards can be fit for, fagging for the big boys, writing out their exercises, and carrying them upon their backs. Having here for some time led a life of sorrow, mortification, and pain, I was at thirteen years of age, on my father's death, removed from school by my sympathetic mamma, who could not bear the idea of my aggravated sufferings. But my woes did not end here, for the nurse-maid, to whose care I was entrusted, found out my foible, and took every opportunity of beating me, in revenge, perhaps, for the trouble which I gave her, as she thought, unnecessarily. At eighteen I was removed from her tuition, not without considerable satisfaction at escaping from a tyranny which I durst not resist, and of which I was afraid to complain, lest more rigorous treatment should ensue.

I was now introduced by my mother to balls, and parties of various kinds, through which I went on without any misfortunes much severer than a little neglect from men, and the giggling of girls in corners. There was, however, one circumstance which gave me some little uneasiness. I remarked that, till by the introduction of the volunteer system the character of an officer was degraded and vulgarized, almost all the women gave a decided preference to red coats. It was once said, that "he who conquers men is sure to conquer women;" and I suppose it must be the idea of slaughters to come that renders a trumpery Ensign more estimable in the eyes of

the fair than a gentleman of a thousand a year; though I own I have always thought it a whimsical paradox, that those whose natures are said to be so mild, nay, who are commonly denominated the *softer sex*, should take such delight in *men of blood*. Be that as it may, the officers always carried every thing before them at our country assemblies.

I was now two and twenty, and my mamma thought it a pity so pretty a person, and such fine parts as mine, should run to seed. She accordingly pitched upon a young lady to whom she desired I should pay my addresses; and as I had plenty of *gold in my pocket*, though very little *brass in my face*, this young lady's guardians strongly recommended the alliance. She did not admire me at all, she declared, but was, by frequent remonstrances, and secret influence, prevailed on at last to consent. I should now have been soon settled in life, but for a very untoward occurrence which happened a few days ago. Last Tuesday was fixed on as the day for our wedding; and on the preceding Friday a dinner and ball were given at the assize town by a lady of fashion in the county. Among the company assembled on this occasion was a young barrister from town. This fellow after dinner sported a number of jests, and amused himself particularly with ridiculing me. The ladies enjoyed his jokes, and laughed at his drollery, but I was by no means so much entertained. As ill luck would have it, I was sitting by a sister of his, and took it into my head to revenge myself on the brother, by playing with her neck and hair. These agreeable little civilities on my part were not, however, relished by the sister, and she complained, in a tone very audible, to the whole company. The barrister interfered, and threatened to punish me. I told him that I knew he durst not touch me, for that if he meddled with a hair of my head, I would get constables, and have him sent to prison. He rose from his seat, and requested me in a whisper to step with him out of the room; I did not by any means guess, from his unembarrassed manner, the intention which he had in this request, and accordingly followed him to the antichamber. But how much was I astonished, when, without further ceremony, I found my nose within the grasp of a merciless fist, and, on disengaging myself from its hold to retreat, felt my rear on a sudden assailed with a shower of bruises and kicks! It was ten minutes before I sufficiently recovered from my alarm to venture on re-entering the dinner room. When I did so, I found my tormentor very quietly lolling on a couple of chairs, the ladies having just retired. No direct notice was taken by any one of the affair that had occurred; but I could see by the jests that were cracked, and the bursts of merriment which every now and then arose without any apparent cause, that my defeat was not a secret to the company at large. At nine we went up to the ball room, and on applying for the hand of the lady who was destined for my bride, I was not a little surprised to understand that she had engaged herself to my enemy. Then indeed I felt, in every sense, the truth of that old maxim, "Faint heart never won fair lady." The first two dances were at length concluded, and my intended wife was led by her partner to a seat. "Miss Maria," said he to her, with unparalleled effrontery, "I have reason to believe that the poltroon who has been chosen for your alliance," meaning me, Mr. Editor, "is not the object of your love, and I flatter myself, from the obliging manner in which you have received my attentions, that I myself am better suited to your inclination and to your dignity. Consider of my proposal to-night—to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, I shall pass your house; if you approve my offer, tie a white handkerchief to the window sash, and I will instantly apply to your guardians." Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, she did tie the white handkerchief to the window sash! my rival applied to the guardians; the guardians finding that, though a barrister, he was heir to a considerable fortune, consented to break off the alliance with me, and on Tuesday, the very day appointed for my own nuptials, I had the vexation to see a carriage at the door of the church with white favours in the servants' hats.

Now all these mortifications and misfortunes, if indeed the missing of a wife may be called a misfortune, have arisen from a wish of mine to exercise only the better part of valour, discretion. And yet, when we come to consider this matter with any degree of philosophy, we shall all be convinced, that to despise a man for cowardice is as absurd as to despise him for sickness. It is all the fault of constitution; and if a man suffer for pusillanimity he suffers unjustly, and his nerves are more to blame than he. Metaphysicians assign us five causes of courage—example, custom, folly, irascibility, and intoxication. A pretty virtue, truly, that may be produced by the rage of imitation, the fashion of the proud, the ignorance of a boy, a gust of ill humour, or a glass of brandy !!

It was said by the Duc de Rochefoucault, and I believe very truly, that "*all men would be cowards if they durst.*" For that which is commonly called courage, is in most men only a *great fear* surmounting a *little fear*, the *dread of dishonour* conquering the *dread of pain.* If Aristotle's assertion be true, and a fellow who does not know the sensations of fear to be a fool; if philosophers, after the division of courage

into two kinds, the active and the passive, have been wise in preferring the latter:—then he, whom the world calls an unresenting coward, is in fact the bravest man: aye, and not only the bravest, but the wisest, since of two evils a man ought always to chuse the less; and a pull of the nose is undoubtedly an evil much lighter than a shot in the breast.

A Polish Prince, whose name I do not remember, but who, like the Stagerite, seems to have entertained a considerable contempt for your senseless valour, was going through a wood with a numerous retinue, when, by the side of their path, not twenty yards from the direction in which the Prince passed, a lion was observed in the act of tearing his prey. One of the guards, I suppose for the sake of displaying his bravery, stepped up to the hungry beast, and, grasping him by the throat, snatched away his banquet, and drove him backwards into the wood. The prince perceived the action; and though he thought it his duty to make the foolhardy fellow a present in compensation for the loss of his post in the guard, he *banished him immediately*, conceiving it unsafe to have so desperate a blockhead in attendance on his person. In the guard of that prince, perhaps, I should have cut a much more respectable figure than at present I appear to do.

It seems, then, but reasonable and proper to believe, that fear not only is undeserving of contempt, but is one of our natural feelings, which ought, like all other passions, to exist in some measure within the breast of every individual: And, indeed, he who does not possess it in any degree, must be much more or much lees than human. The noblest men have at some moments shewn signs of fear. One of the Kings of Navarre, whose bravery was perfectly acknowledged, was surnamed the Trembler; for he never entered upon a battle without throbbings and palpitations of the most violent description. On one occasion his squire, as he armed him, imagined that the king was in too great fear to conduct himself with propriety, and was endeavouring to encourage and animate him. "Poor man," said the king, "you know but little of me. Could my *flesh be aware* of the dangers to which *my courage will this day expose me*, this body of mine would not escape with so slight a convulsion as that which you have witnessed."—Now, here's a strange mixture of bravery and cowardice! Was this a hero or a poltroon, Mr. Editor? And has any man a right after this to despise me for cowardice? However, if any more scandalous insinuations of any kind are sent forth about me, I am determined to *bring an action* at once against the utterer. Our fear then, mixing itself in this manner with our other qualities, may descend to the humblest occurrences of life, and ought to be the universally operating check of all our actions, even the most minute. When on the tomb of Martinus Barbuda, Charles the Fifth perused the epitaph, which states that the deceased was a stranger to fear—"Aye, indeed!" cried Charles gaily: "*I'll warrant this brave fellow never snuffed a candle with his fingers!*"

However, Mr. Editor, notwithstanding all this, since it must be confessed that the prejudice goes strongly against pusillanimity, I cannot help wishing I myself were brave, at least brave enough to deter people from saying that they thought me otherwise. But I have written thus much to prove, that fear does not deserve so much contempt as men suppose, and that, for my own part, if I cannot be a *hero upon instinct*, I at least can be a *coward upon principle*.

I am, Sir,
Your most obsequiously devoted,
and very humble servant,

TIMOTHY TIMID.

Harewood, May, 1806.

AROKEE; OR, FEROCITY SUBDUED BY AFFLICTION.

In one of the nations of North America, a young heroine lived named Arokee; of invincible courage, unwearied in fatigues, insensible to pain, and resistless in action, she was the admiration of the Indians for those qualities which they themselves possess in so extraordinary a degree. But amidst her good parts, there was an irreclaimable wildness, a savage unappeasable fierceness, which broke out in occasional excesses, and threw her into situations of difficulty and sorrow.

Early in life, in a moment of thoughtless frolic, or sudden displeasure, she had shot an Indian who passed unsuspectingly at a distance; and it was with no great facility her friends, by condolence with the family of the sufferer, and by numerous presents, were able to avert the effects of an act of such wanton atrocity.

A party being about the same time detached on a secret warlike expedition, Arokee soon seized an opportunity of pursuing them. She traced their footsteps for a considerable time, till all signs of their route failing her, she proceeded at hazard; sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, she thus traversed an immense extent of country, unappalled by dangers, insensible to

fatigue, and regardless of hunger. She pursued her journey with more vigour than care, and the effects of travel beginning to appear, one day having sunk into slumber, when she awoke she found herself to be discovered, and in the hands of an unknown tribe. Seeing escape impracticable, and her weakness greater than she had hitherto felt, she resigned herself to her fate.

Such an incident is not an extraordinary circumstance to an Indian. The strangers admired her person and manners, committed her to the charge of a particular family, and Arokee became soon as familiar and known as among her own people; she partook in their diversions, their hunting, and their warlike excursions; adopted into the tribe, a connection was speedily formed for her, and she was united to a young warrior after their nuptial rites.

This more regular life was soon broken by an event in which her ferocious temper was strongly exhibited. A sudden alarm one day reached the village that a small party were surprised by an enemy at no great distance. Arokee, roused at the word, rushed with the rest to the scene of action, and plunged with blind phrenzy into the midst of the battle. This accession of strength soon decided the struggle. On the part of the victors much extravagant and barbarous exultation succeeded, shouting over their dying mangled foes, torturing their bodies, and wallowing in their blood. But the triumph of Arokee was momentary; she quickly perceived the wounded and dead to be the people of her own nation, and beheld among the prisoners her own father. Confounded and abashed, she shrunk from them; she felt a reproaching sensation in her breast, an uneasy dissatisfying conviction of her guilty and unhappy condition. In the evening she learned her father was sentenced to death; her distress increased, and she resolved to rescue him from so wretched a fate.

The night had no sooner laid all in slumber and security, than proceeding to her father, she drew him away with mute violence, urging him with a meaning and distressed earnestness. He complied with a stern and unmoved deportment. They penetrated the neighbouring forest; each continued in silence to traverse the gloomy wood, till on the opening of day, being far advanced, the parent of Arokee at length burst forth in reproaches and expostulations, and exposed in a strong light the ignominy and atrociousness of her offences; he could not take back to his native tribe her who had been its open enemy, whose arm had on more than one occasion taken away the lives of its members. His anger and his grief, his sense of public justice, and the honour of his family, were wound up to such a degree, that he was on the point of sacrificing his daughter to these motives, when they were suddenly interrupted by a band of Indians who broke unawares upon them. Arokee almost immediately beheld her father stretched at her feet; she, however, defended herself with such fury, such force and effect, that she was suffered to escape without much pursuit.

Arokee now pressed on in a new direction, intent upon avoiding her pursuers and enemies, like a heart that trembles at every motion; she fled with that alarmed expectation, with that uneasy apprehension which a heart naturally fearless is sensible of when guilty and pursued. The miserable end of her father, which she had partly occasioned, and had so lately beheld, was deeply sunk in her mind; nothing appeared to her but again to encounter the perils, the fatigues, the privations of an undetermined, unprovided vagrancy, and that into remote and strange territories. She was excluded from her native tribe by hostility and blood; from the tribe that adopted her by betraying its confidence; and from a third by open warfare. Where could she turn but find either enemies or the allies of her enemies. Here was nothing but the lot of a fugitive and outcast, upon whom the blood of friends and relatives called for satisfaction and justice. Agitated by these sentiments, harassed and worn, hungry and fainting, for many months she roved chiefly towards the south, merely kept alive by precarious and unfrequent supplies of food. Wearied at length, she was content to trust to the hospitality of a small European plantation, far from the parts to which she had been accustomed, to live in a humble capacity, a restrained and sedentary life.

The planter frequently related her history to his children and the neighbouring Indians who visited him, for their amusement and instruction, and to shew that an evil and depraved conduct is productive of nothing but sorrow and distress.

Z.

PIERRE.

A GERMAN TALE.

In a village of Franconia, dwelt a peasant named Pierre. He possessed the richest farm of the country. Three daughters and three sons, which he had by his wife Theresa, were married, and inhabited his house with their respective families. Pierre, at the advanced age of eighty, and Theresa seventy-eight, were beloved and respected by their numerous children, whose most ardent wish was to prolong their days. As they had passed a life of sobriety and industry, they were not afflicted with infirmities in their old age; contented with themselves, happy, and proud of their family, they returned thanks to God, and blessed their children.

One night, after the toils of the harvest were over, the good Pierre, Theresa, and their family, reposed themselves, seated on the turf before the door of their habitation, admiring the sublimity of a fine summer's night, which the inhabitants of cities are strangers to. "See," said the old man, "how the sky is illumined with brilliant stars. The moon, hid behind those poplars, sheds a pale and trembling light. The wind has ceased to blow, and the tranquil trees seem to respect the slumber of the birds. The linnet rests its head within its wing. The turtle dove reposes with his mate in the midst of their young ones, who have yet no other covering than their mother's wing. The profound silence is only disturbed by a plaintive and distant cry, that strikes the ear at intervals. It is the owl, image of the wicked, he watches while others are wrapped in sleep, he incessantly complains, and fears the light of day. O my children! be always virtuous, and happiness will attend your steps. For sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed peace and felicity, but may none of you purchase it at so dear a price."

At these words some tears fell on the old man's cheeks. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, who was about twelve years old, ran and kissed him. "Grandfather," said she, "you give us so much pleasure when you tell us some pretty story! judge how much we should enjoy the relation of your own! it is not late, the night is fine, and nobody wishes to sleep." All Pierre's family joined their entreaties, and formed a circle round him. Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence. Each mother took on her lap the child whose cries might have caused an interruption; all remained listening; and the good old man, caressing with one hand Louisa, and with the other pressing that of his wife, thus began his history:

Many years have passed away since I was eighteen, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, one of the wealthiest farmers of this country. I was one of the poorest peasants of the village, which I only became conscious of when I fell in love with Theresa. I exerted all my efforts to extinguish a passion that could but make me unhappy, as I was very confident that my poverty would be an invincible obstacle to my union with Theresa; and that I ought to renounce her, or seek some means of enriching myself, for that I must have left the village where Theresa lived; this effort was too much, and I preferred offering myself as a servant to her father.

He received me; you may judge with what alacrity I laboured. I soon became the friend of Aimar, and I still sooner gained the friendship of his daughter. You, my children, who have all married from affection, know how those who love, delight in seeking each other, and what we feel when once the heart is given. Theresa loved as much as she was beloved, I thought of nothing but Theresa; I lived near her, I saw her every day, and I thought this happiness would last for ever.

But I was soon undeceived;—a rich farmer came from a neighbouring village to ask Theresa in marriage. Aimar visited the corn fields of him who wished to be his son-in-law, and after having explored his possessions, decided that this man suited his daughter, and the marriage was fixed.

Our tears were of no avail, the inflexible Aimar told Theresa, that her gloominess displeased him, and she was compelled to conceal her tears. The fatal day approached, we had lost all hope; Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain it would cause her death, I was determined not to survive her, flight was the only alternative, we left Aimar's house, but heaven severely punished us.

Theresa and I left the village in the middle of the night; she mounted on a little horse, that had been given her by her uncle, and which I decided she might take with her, as it did not belong to her father. A bundle of clothes, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the savings of Theresa, composed the whole of our fortune. Having robbed Aimar of his child, I

scrupled to take any thing from his house;—thus youth makes virtues of her own.

We travelled all night. In the morning we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia; being out of the reach of pursuit, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those little rivulets which lovers are so fond of. Theresa descended from her horse, and we seated ourselves on the grass. We made a frugal but delicious repast, after which we occupied ourselves in considering what we should do.

After a long conversation, and having counted our money more than twenty times over, and estimated our horse at its highest value, we discovered that all our riches were not worth more than twenty ducats. Twenty ducats could not long support us. We at last decided to go to some large town, where, if pursued, we should be less easily discovered, and to get married as soon as possible. After these wise resolutions we took the road to Egra.

On our arrival we entered the first church and were married. We gave the priest the half of our treasure, and never was money spent with a better heart; it seemed as though all our troubles were at an end, and we had nothing more to fear; all went on very well for about eight days.

At the end of that time our horse was sold, and at the expiration of a month we had nothing remaining. What was to be done? What was to become of us? I only knew the rustic labours of the field; and the inhabitants of great cities lay little store by the art which gives them bread! Theresa was as unskilful as myself; she suffered, she trembled for the future, and we mutually endeavoured to conceal our internal feelings from each other. At last, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, which was in garrison at Egra. The bounty I received was given to Theresa, who took it with tears.

My pay was sufficient for my support, and the little works done by Theresa (for necessity had instructed her), gave her the means of subsistence. A child came to bind faster the ties of love. It was you, my dear Gertrude! we looked on you, and thought you would be the comfort of our latter days. At the birth of each of our children we have said the same, and never have been deceived. You were sent to nurse, as my wife could not suckle you; she passed the day by the side of your cradle, while I, by the most exact observance of my duty, endeavoured to acquire the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my Captain, a young man of twenty, was distinguished from the other officers by his mildness and handsome figure. He had shewed me marks of friendship, and I related to him our adventures; he saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate; every day he promised to intercede with Aimar for us; and as I depended intirely upon him, he had given me his word that he would restore me my liberty as soon as he had appeased my father in-law. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

Time glided away; my young Captain still manifested great friendship for us; Theresa, however, became every day more melancholy, and when I asked the reason, she spoke of her father, and always endeavoured to change the conversation. I was far from suspecting Frederic to be the cause of her grief.

This young man, in all the ardour of twenty, had seen Theresa with the eyes of love, and his passion conquered his virtue. He was well acquainted with our distresses, and knowing how much we stood in need of his assistance, dared to make dishonourable proposals to my wife; she rejected them with indignation, but conscious of my violent and jealous disposition, kept this fatal secret from me, while I, too credulous, praised every day the generous friendship of my Captain.

One day, as I was returning home, I perceived Aimar before me; judge of my surprise! "I have found you then, vile ravisher," exclaimed he, "restore me my daughter, give me back the happiness you tore from me, in return for my friendship." I fell on my knees before him, and patiently allowed the first burst of his anger to pass. My tears appeased him, and he consented to listen to me. "I do not pretend to justify myself," said I, "the harm is done; Theresa is my wife, my life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child—your only child; do not dishonour her husband, do not make her die with grief. Forget me, and only think of her." In saying these words, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the habitation of your nurse, my child.—Come, added I, come and see another who also implores your pity.

You were sleeping in your cradle, Gertrude! your fair face expressed innocence and health. Aimar looked at you, his eyes filled with tears, I took you in my arms, and presented you to him. Here is also your daughter, said I; you awakened, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying you smiled, and extended your little arms towards the old Aimar, you seized his silver locks, and approached your face to his. The old man covered you with kisses, pressed me to his heart, and, still holding you in his arms, exclaimed, "come, my son, let us seek Theresa." You may judge, my children, with what joy I conducted him to our house.

During the way I thought that the sudden

appearance of her father might too much affect Theresa. With the intention of apprizing her, I ran before Aimar. I opened the door, and beheld Frederic on his knees before Theresa, who was obliged to use force to disengage herself from his passionate grasp! scarce had this spectacle struck my eye, than my sword was plunged into the bosom of my Captain, and he fell bathed in his blood! his cries alarmed the neighbours, the guard arrived, my sword still reeked with blood, I was seized, and the unhappy Aimar arrived with the crowd to see his son-in-law loaded with irons. I embraced him, and recommended to his care my child and wife, who had fallen senseless, I kissed you, my Gertrude, and followed my comrades, who conducted me to a cell.

There I remained two days and three nights in a state which you may easily conceive. Ignorant of what had passed, knowing nothing of the fate of Theresa, I only saw my jailor, who answered all my questions, by assuring me that I could not remain long without being condemned.

The third day, the doors were opened: I was desired to leave the prison; a detachment awaited me at the door; I was surrounded, and conducted to the square where we used to be exercised. At a distance I perceived the regiment approaching. I saw the terrible instrument of death. The idea of having arrived at the height of misery restored me my courage: with a convulsive energy I quickened my steps; my tongue unconsciously pronounced the name of Theresa, I sought her with my eyes, and regretted her absence; at last I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read, I was given into the hands of the executioner; I expected the mortal blow, when piercing shrieks suspended my fate. I looked, and saw a spectre, half-naked, pale and bloody, exerting all his efforts to press through the soldiers by which I was surrounded. It was Frederic! "My friends," cried he, "'tis I that am guilty! 'tis I that deserved death! My friends, forgive the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife, he punished me, he was just: you are monsters if you dare take away his life!" The Colonel ran to Frederic, tried to tranquilize him, and shewed him the law by which I had been condemned, for having raised my hand against my officer. "I was no longer his officer," cried Frederic, "I had given him his freedom; here is his dismissal, signed the day previous to this unfortunate catastrophe, he is not subject to your laws." The astonished officers assembled; Frederic and humanity defended my rights; I was re-conducted to prison; Frederic wrote to the minister; accused himself, and obtained my pardon.

Aimar, Theresa, and I threw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer, who confirmed the gift of my liberty, and wished to add money, which we refused. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has left me sole master of his possessions, and where Theresa and I will finish our days in peace and happiness, surrounded by our children.

All Pierre's family had pressed around him during his recital. He had ceased speaking, and they still continued to listen, while tears bedewed their cheeks. "Be comforted," said the good old man, "Heaven has repaid all my trouble with your love." In saying these words he embraced them, and all the family retired to rest.

April 17, 1806. E. R. R.

THE HUNGRY ARAB.

A TALE FROM THE TOHFET AL MOJAILIS.

An Arab, who was travelling through the desert, was almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, when he unexpectedly perceived a man who had spread his cloak upon the ground and was taking his repast with an excellent appetite. The Arab saluted him, according to custom, and sat down beside him. "Whence comest thou?" asked the stranger. "From the village," replied the famished Arab, hoping that he should be invited to partake. "Hast thou seen my house?" continued the former. "Yes," answered the Arab; "it is beautiful and magnificent; its roof reaches to the sky, and its court is delightful as the plains of Paradise."

Hast thou seen my shepherd's dog?

O, yes! He watches thy herds and thy flocks with such vigilance that not a wolf dares to approach them.

Hast thou seen my son, Chalid?

Yes; he was at school, and was reading to his master in the Koran with great fluency, and in a most impressive tone.

How is Chalid's mother?

As well as thou canst wish; and there is not a creature, either male or female, in all Arabia, who manages a house better, or can weave more skilfully, or bears a higher character for mildness and benevolence.

Hast thou also seen my camel, that carries our water?

Yes; it is in the best condition.

The man hearing all this welcome intelligence concerning his wife, his son, and his property, was so rejoiced that he began to eat with still greater appetite, but offered the languishing Arab not a single morsel. This unfortunate wretch, tormented with the pangs of hunger, was now ashamed of his flattery, and said to himself, "I must attack this covetous and insatiable fellow in another way." At this moment a dog came up; allured by the smell of the victuals, he stood still and wagged his tail.

"Yes," said the hungry Arab, "if thy dog were still alive, he would have wagged his tail exactly in the same manner."—Alas!" exclaimed the man, "is my dog dead? How did he perish?"

By drinking the blood of thy camel! said the Arab.

What! did my camel die too?

No, replied the Arab, they killed it for the funeral dinner of Chalid's mother.

O, heavens! is Chalid's mother dead?

Yes, answered the Arab.

Of what disorder did she die?

Of what disorder? she struck her head with such violence against Chalid's tomb, that she died of the wound.

What! my son dead too?

A violent earthquake demolished thy house, said the Arab, and he was buried beneath the ruins.

Grief and horror, at this melancholy intelligence, deprived the stranger of his appetite; he ceased to eat, rose from his repast, left his provisions behind him, and hastened home with all possible dispatch, while the hungry Arab sat down and regaled himself.

DANCES OF THE NEGROES OF THE ISLAND OF MARTINICO.

The European can scarcely distinguish one negro from another; all appear to him equally black; he sees nothing but black noses, thick lips, and woolly hair. The Creole, however, accustomed to live among them, not only distinguishes one individual from another, but will tell you, at first sight, to what nation each belongs. The Mocas have teeth wide asunder, and prominent jaws like monkies. The Caplaous have round faces, and almost all a look of good temper, which prepossesses you in their favour. The Mandingo has a ferocious aspect; you may easily guess that he is a cannibal. The Congos have broad faces and a good physiognomy, and are in general the best adapted to household duties.—The Arada may easily be known by his gaiety and vivacity. The Ibo is industrious and afraid of punishment, and will not hesitate to destroy himself. The Calvary negro is distinguished from all the rest by the perfect blackness of his skin, as well as by the beauty of his form; it is among those of this nation that the painter and sculptor should chuse their models.

On Sundays and holidays the utmost gaiety prevails among them. The negroes, male and female assemble; they separate into nations, forming so many different groups, each having its particular dance. A negro of the Arada nation, the most distinguished for agility, springs into the air and falls upon one foot; again he leaps, bends, falls flat on the ground, rises in a moment, capers, bounds, runs, flies, as it were, around his partner, while she, stretching out her arms and holding a handkerchief extended in her hands, modestly hangs her head, utters a low sound at intervals, moves every part of her body by the mere action of the muscles, without quitting for a moment the centre of the circle described by the dancer. The Jouba is another dance, which appears less animated, but none can be more indecorous; the vaunted Fandango gives but a feeble idea of it. The dance of the Caplaous is a faithful representation of the actions of their lives, in which they exhibit the artifices, the solicitude, and the pains of love, the horrors of war, and the terrors of death.

No people dance with such lightness, accuracy, precision, and sometimes grace, as the Negroes. We might be tempted to believe that they are better organized for that exercise, and even for music, than the rest of mankind; or, perhaps, as the number of their pleasures is much more limited than that of civilized nations, their fibres are more easily affected. They possess, in full perfection, the faculty of feeling; the sound of any instrument, even the least agreeable makes them tremble; a few measured notes are sufficient to set in motion the negro who hears them; and if the tune be continued, you soon see him in the strongest agitations of transport. Their airs are very expressive; denoting gaiety with great truth, and softness and sentiment with still greater: but they are always short. A few notes, intermingled with frequent sighs, are sufficient, and they scarcely ever run through the whole gamut. Their favourite instrument is the bamboula, a kind of kettle-drum, the lower part of which, instead of being circular, is length-

ened into a cone. To heighten the effect of this instrument, the negresses, who surround the dancers, beat time with their hands, and repeat in chorus the air beaten upon the bamboula..

The Creole negroes sometimes imitate the European dances with great success; their airs and songs likewise display more ingenuity than those of the negroes of the African coast. They are the poets and the musicians of the plantations, and the most trivial circumstances calls forth the exercise of their abilities.

The negroes have a different air and words for every kind of labour; sometimes they sing, and all their motions, even while cultivating the ground, keep time to the music.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE DISTRICT OF POITOU, IN FRANCE, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY J. G. SCHWEIGHAUSEN.

You ask me for particulars concerning the country in which I live; an account of my walks on the banks of the Brignon and the Creuse, would furnish, say you, a counterpart to my description of the *Ban de la Roche*, with which your friends were highly delighted. There I trod on ground sacred to me, a soil which my first sentiments had rendered in some measure the native country of my heart. When I entered a hut, the fath r would say to me: "Your father contributed to the foundation of our schools." The mother had taught my mother to make bread; and the daughter would add: "She taught me in return geography and history." Thus every step revived fond recollections, and every thing appeared clothed in more brilliant colours. Here, when I ramble from the amiable hosts with whom I reside, I should be obliged, in order to animate the scenes through which I stray, to make new acquaintances, to form connexions which nothing has prepared. I must confess I prefer confining myself to the enjoyments which nature affords. Is there to be found among men, even among the simplest rustics, any thing more truly beautiful than a serene sky? Is it possible to repose more agreeably than on the border of a meadow enamelled with flowers, amid the humming of bees and the singing of birds? 'Tis there I love to linger; or sometimes strolling farther from the habitations of men, I take refuge in the solitary valley, or the recesses of the forest. Amid this wild sanctuary, I find with rapture ever new, that sacred horror which our ancestors adored; the oak, at whose foot I recline, seems to communicate to me a portion of his strength, and I imagine that, in the mysterious language of the wind rustling among the foliage, I distinguish some sounds that are addressed to me, and that speak to me of the wonders of nature

I found, however, near the ancient Castle of Paulmy, where I passed a few days, dwellings so singularly rude, that surprize and curiosity at first induced me to enter them. Would any one believe that a great portion of France, of that country where the art of living has been brought to the highest degree of perfection, is inhabited, at the present day, in the manner of the ancient Troglodytes?—that the people there live in dark dens and excavations of the rocks, resembling those which, according to the ingenious system of M. Quatremere de Quincy, served only as models for the subterraneous labyrinths and massive architecture of the ancient Egyptians? Great numbers of these habitations are seen upon the hills that border the road from Blois to Tours; a door in the rock, a window, and the smoke of the chimney which issues from the midst of vineyards and envelopes the vines, are all that you perceive of them. Nay, the houses of rich farmers have halls, passages, and cellars in the rock. I am assured that habitations of this kind, common in Touraine, are to be found towards Saumur and Bretagne, and are met with on the contrary side as far as the volcanic mountains of the Vivarais.

Man never struggles against nature, but when she provokes him to the combat. Does a rock, which may be easily excavated, afford him shelter? he never thinks of piling up, at a distance from it, heaps of stones or loads of wood in order to construct for himself a crazy habitation; the chisel soon enlarges a natural grotto and converts it into a solid dwelling.

It was not till my last visit to Paulmy that I had an opportunity of more closely examining these habitations. By the side of a deep cavern, from which I should not have been surprised to see a Cyclop issue forth with a couple of young bears for his fair mistress, I beheld a door, half opened, and before it was seated a woman with two children. I expressed a desire to enter; under a black and smoaky rock I perceived a bed, a table, and a bench; these things, rude as they were, still formed a striking contrast with the

dwelling; my imagination, left to itself, would have placed there only a couch of leaves and a family of fauns and satyrs. The good woman, however, seemed perfectly satisfied with her habitation; the only thing of which she complained was, that the rock intercepted the sun-shine from her door. "It comes no farther than here," said she with a sigh, advancing a few yards. I was informed by her neighbours that this woman was a widow, and very poor. "Good souls!" said one of her neighbours with the accent of the most sincere compassion; "she would not remain there, if she was able to procure a better lodging." I wished to see the habitation of this honest neighbour; like the other, it had the rock for its roof; but this rock was white-washed; a front had been formed so as to give it externally the appearance of a house; in short, there was an infinite distance between this *cave*, for so these habitations are called, and those about it. This woman seemed such a happy and honest creature that I thought I could not confer on her a greater pleasure than by requesting her to carry a trifling donation to her unfortunate neighbour. "Good souls!" said she; "how delighted the poor woman will be?" I had not yet remarked the exclamation of *good souls!* which is too common in this country to have any meaning, but which, in the mouths of these simple Troglodytes, appeared to me to have peculiar grace. I returned several times to hear their rustic language, I gained their good will; and while I am satisfied to be forgotten elsewhere, I flatter myself that I have left behind me some impression on the hearts of those honest creatures.

Man was not the only object that allured me to those rustic retreats. Nature has been pleased to plant at the foot of these simple dwellings aromatic herbs which fill the air with grateful perfumes, and which people come from distant parts to gather for the purpose of healing wounds. In the upper part of the rock, out of which these excavations are scooped, the Almighty hand has traced hieroglyphics more curious than those which cover the monuments of Egypt. Two veins of flint traverse the calcareous rock and form a kind of frieze over the doors of some of the grottoes. The vitreous substance, and the organoidal forms of this stone, which is most commonly intermingled with rocks of recent formation, and wrecks of the sea, always appeared extremely remarkable to me, and I have been since informed, that its origin is an enigma which the sagacity of geologists has in vain attempted to explain. Thick strata of shells, partly broken by the waves, and mixed with pieces of petrified wood, which seem to have been carried along previous to their petrifaction amid these marine relics, by the currents of the ocean, are observable at no great distance, and lead the imagination to place the time when these regions had newly risen from the waves, beside the present moment. The Troglodyte habitations then appear in their proper place; but you turn your head and behold the turrets of a feudal castle, its pavilions half-burned in the wars of religion. What a long series of human events this single view compresses into a space so small for nature!

At a little distance, on the other side of the Brignon and the Creu e, the aspect of the country tends to confirm the illusion of the traveller, who imagines himself transported into a new land. In the midst of a vast extent of heaths and forests, you come all at once to cultivated lands, regularly laid out, intersected by roads several leagues in length, and as straight as a line, on both sides of which you come, at intervals, to houses of a particular construction, but all exactly resembling each other. You arrive at a small village equally regular, in the midst of which a bason of water, surrounded with trees, proves that the proprietors of this establishment knew how to combine the useful and the agreeable. It is the residence of a colony of Nova-Scotians, who, at the peace of 1763, chose rather to quit their distant habitations and to seek a refuge in their native land, than to become English subjects. The government allotted them this situation, built houses for them, and provided them with the necessary implements and advances of money, for introducing here a more improved system of agriculture than that of the adjacent districts. It is said that M. de Perusse, a wealthy proprietor of this part of Poitou, first conceived the idea of this colony. He had before invited peasants from Liege to settle on his domains, to improve their cultivation. It is certain that he took the most active and generous interest in the success of this establishment.— This colony is under the administration of a syndic chosen by the colonists, which has the direction of all their concerns. Only a few of the wives of the primitive colonists are still living; but, a few years since, an old man who had survived all his companions, related to their children the persecutions endured by their fathers previous to their return to France, and exhorted them to bless with him the benevolent exertions of those who had procured them such an asylum.

Shall I give you a description of some other remarkable objects which this country contains? of the monuments left there by Agnes Sorel; of her tomb at Soches; of the steep bank of the Creuse which is to this day called the Queen's Quay, because the carriage of that mistress, so strongly attached to the glory of her king and of her country, was there overturned; of the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, whence Joan of

Arc took the sword with three *fleurs de lys* with which she rescued her country; of La Haye, the native place of Descartes; of the field of battle between Charles Martel and Abderrahman; of the Roman amphitheatre of Poitiers, and of the Celtic tombs, covered with conical hillocks thirty or forty feet high, which are frequently seen on the banks of the Vienne and in the adjacent districts? I am apprehensive that I should fatigue you too much by describing things which have been a thousand times described already, and much better than I can do. I shall, therefore, only subjoin a few words concerning the town and palace of Richelieu.

That magnificent structure, in which every species of luxury, antique statues, gold and silver, were lavished at the expence of France, has just been sold for the purpose of being pulled down. Before the Revolution, the repairs which were thought necessary, were estimated at seven hundred thousand francs (nearly £.30,000 sterling). Since that time it has been stripped of its furniture and of its most valuable ornaments, which have been removed to the museums of Paris and of the Thuilleries.

The town of Richelieu, likewise built by the Cardinal, is perfectly regular, but not elegant; it stands in an unhealthy situation, without the convenience of a navigable river; it never was populous, and was supported only by the privileges that were granted to it. All the conceptions of this too famous minister seemed to have been dictated by a determination not to accommodate himself to circumstances, but to make them subservient to him. It is very remarkable that he never once visited or saw the town and palace which he had erected at such a vast expence.

I had formerly a strong desire to ramble over the world, to visit nations at every degree of civilization; I wished for an opportunity of comparing myself the civilization of those whose fathers lived upon acorns, with the simple and unvarying manners of the nations that feed on oats, and the more savage habits of such as drink train-oil. I am now sensible that in traversing, with an attentive eye, a very limited extent of country, we may meet with man and the earth at every progressive degree of age, and that in the most civilized country ruins exist beside cultivated tracts. You have disgusted me with forests of cocoa-trees, by telling me that those celebrated trees do not even afford shade; and as to the train-oil, I renounce that of my own accord. Let us henceforward travel only to as short a distance from home as possible; let us observe, let us laugh, sometimes weep, and above all, let us always love with ardor. Yours, &c.

Ormes, Department of Vienne, J. J. S.
Nov. 1, 1805.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

In a part of the world which is very little known to the generality of map-makers, mathematicians, or travel-writers, and of which the latitude has been disputed for a succession of ages by philosophers of almost every denomination, resided two noblemen of large estates, the one called *Genius*, and the other *Talent*. They lived upon a friendly footing, so that as both were fond of sporting, and never happier than when they could *start some fresh game*, they considered the contiguity of their estates as an important advantage; and each had from his earliest youth possessed the liberty of hunting on the premises of his neighbour. This privilege was long exercised by them without interruption, till a litigious attorney, of the name of *Criticism*, came to settle in a valley which opened a partial view of both the estates. The domains of Talent were laid out in a neat and handsome style, and the nicest care was constantly bestowed on their cultivation; but the territories of Genius were more wild and diversified, in many places much overrun with weeds, which the richness of the soil very quickly matured, and in other quarters commanding prospects the most magnificent and extensive. Criticism was a precise old fellow, full of rules and wise laws, near sighted, used spectacles, and had no less a turn for modern gardening than for musty law. He was always taking walks round the two estates, and with an impertinent curiosity endeavouring to acquaint himself with their boundaries; but as they were spread over a very large tract, he could not manage to include them in any one of his airings. In course of time, by now and then meeting our noblemen in these rambles, he contrived to introduce himself to them, and received obliging invitations from both. But he soon disgusted Genius, by the petty alterations that he was always suggesting in some part of the grounds, and by the frequent panegyrics that he bestowed on the superior correctness with which Talent had disposed his parterres. While, on the other hand, he offended Talent, by an officious proposal

to survey his grounds, assist him with his advice, and settle the limits of both estates, which neither of the proprietors should pass. Genius and Talent perceived that after the lapse of so many years in which the estates had been for all the purposes of mutual convenience, almost equally the property of each, a division or restriction must be highly prejudicial to both. And Criticism, displeased at the mode in which his offers were received, revenged himself in a thousand invidious comparisons and false assertions, by which he succeeded in creating a mutual jealousy in Genius and Talent. They became distrustful of each other, and for a number of years they have never been seen together; though both agree in treating Criticism, the author of their coolness, with the most marked neglect. And this is the reason why Criticism, who was always testy, has proved himself so constant an enemy to the projects of Genius, and to the operations of Talent.

H. T.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LONDON.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Collected from his Works and from his Life, by James Boswell.

LONDON comprehends the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

There is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit (Temple-bar) than in all the rest of the kingdom. The only disadvantage is the great distance people live from one another, but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages.

The influence of London is now extended every where, and from all manner of communication being opened, there shortly will be no remains of the ancient simplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

A man stores his mind better in London than any where else; in remote, obscure, uniform and insipid situations, a man's body may be feasted, but his mind is starved, and his faculties are apt to degenerate from want of exercise and competition.

No place cures a man's vanity or arrogance so well as London; for as no man is either good or great *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he is sure to find there many his equals, and some his superiors.

A man is less in danger of falling indiscreetly in love in London than any where else, for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, keeps him safe.

There is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London. More can be had there for the money, even by ladies, than any where else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place; you must make an uniform appearance. Here a lady may have well furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.

By those, who from sagacity, attention, and experience, have learnt the full advantage of London, its pre-eminence over every other place, not only for variety of enjoyment but for comfort, will be felt with a philosophical exultation. The freedom from remark and petty censure, with which life may be passed there, is a circumstance which a man who knows the teasing restraint of a narrow circle must relish highly.

In London (Mr. Burke said) a man may live in splendid society at one time, and in frugal retirement another, without animadversion. There, and there alone, a man's house is his castle, in which he can be in perfect safety from intrusion whenever he pleases. In the country a man may starve his understanding for want of conversation, and perish in a state of mental inferiority.

A man used to London, when he retires to country friendships, and rural sports, must either be contented to turn baby again and play with the rattle, or he will pine away like a great fish in a little pond, and die for want of his usual food.

In London, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart, and relief is afforded to the melancholy mind.

If you wish to have a just notion of the mag-

nitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the shewy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crouded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.

The chief advantage of London is, that a man is (as Mr Meynell well expressed it) always *so near his burrow*. If a man walks out in the country, there is nobody to keep him from walking in again.

If I was a lover of solitude (Mr. Henry Broke said), if I wished to be the most recluse of all Anchorites who bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hail-stone amidst a great shower, he jumps and bustles about a while, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

There is a long letter extant, dated Sept. 30, 1638, from Descartes, who had retired to Amsterdam, to Balzac, in which he invites him to come and reside there, as no perfect solitude is to be found out of a capital, where one's whole life may be passed in obscurity The translation of this letter is in "Seward's Anecdotes."

A French philosopher (Mercier) writes as follows on Paris:

The man of letters seeks the charms of the capital; that is the real, great, and constant advantage to which he incessantly tends; he there is in the proper element of thinking. He is only at his ease in that philosophical atmosphere, where all his ideas, whether grave, pleasant, or majestic, mix without clashing; he, as it were, renovates his soul among the variety he there meets with; elsewhere the tone, the simplicity, and the fertility of manners are not similar: the man of letters, in remote country situations, neither understands nor is understood; he is reduced to listen without being able to comprehend.

But the inappreti ble advantage of Paris is, that there a'l the petty tyrannies of the country are lost and annihilated. Only in that capital one may be poor without being despised. The public gaiety diverts the melancholy man, and the feeble finds himself fortified by the strength of the multitude.

PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

MR. EDITOR,

By the constant intercourse that subsists in modern times among the nations of Europe, it is naturally to be expected, that the pastimes and entertainments, especially of the upper ranks in society, should be in many respects so much alike, that the description of them in any one great city might serve to give a tolerable idea of them in almost all the rest. There are still, however, certain popular diversions in every one of them in some sort peculiar to itself, and which, bearing evident marks of originality, may not unfrequently be made subservient to the moral history of our species. Particularly if it be true, that the most delicate strokes and peculiarities of the national character are principally seen in its modes of merriment. Perceiving that in your former Numbers you have given some accounts relative to this object, I thought it might not be unacceptable if I sent you a few observations made in a tour to Petersburgh.

The Russians, in general, are a remarkably cheerful people; it is scarcely possible to pass through the streets any part of the day without being witness to various instances of jocularity and wanton humour. Singing, however, may be pronounced the principal method in which their gaiety is shewn; every labour, how toilsome soever, the Russian sweetens by warbling his native woodnotes, whether he plies the axe, the hammer, the spade, or the oar; and every satisfaction, every condition of life, is heightened and embellished by the charms of song. Unquestionably there is no nation in Europe where the propensity to this amusement is so predominant as here. In France the people are always singing, but it is only opera airs and vaudevilles, that are approved by the fashionable part of the public: whereas in Russia it is the true native ballad, composed and set to music by the inferior classes, which are sung in the same manner from Petersburgh to Irkutsk, which places lie six or seven thousand miles asunder. The hearty national interest taken by the common people of all descriptions in these ballads, their extremely simple but melodious style, the musical disposition, and the generally well constituted organs of utterance among the Russians produce a very agreeable and surprising effect on the unmusical ears of strangers and foreigners. It is, therefore, a very common species of amusement with the gentry of St. Petersburgh, on the fine summer days, and espe-

cially in the evening, to hire a boat, or twelve-oared barge, and as they glide upon the placid surface of the Neva, to be regaled with the songs of the boatmen, who, favoured by the gentle current of that beautiful river, have no need to make a stroke with their oars above once in five minutes. As the sun, in the height of summer, does not set till about eleven, the stream is sometimes in a manner covered with shallops, containing parties of this nature, and the dulcet notes proceeding from them, in the stillness of the evening or rather midnight, by their soft and plaintive tones, pervade with delightful emotions those who are walking for their amusement after supper on that proud quay of granite, the like of which for grandeur, durability, or convenience, no city in the world has to shew. Sometimes the vassals attend in the hall, singing for the entertainment of the lord and his guests while at dinner. A practice not, perhaps, unlike to the custom that prevailed in this country during the feudal times, when the minstrels formed a part of the seignorial retinue.

Whenever the populace meet together for merry-making, the dance is never omitted; without that and singing, there is no jollity for the vulgar. More expressive and elegant than the national dance which bears the name of Golubetz, no popular dance can certainly in any country be seen; and it is danced with elegance not only in the polished circles, and by persons of high breeding, but even among the lowest ranks of society. Like the minuet, it is commonly danced by two persons, one of each sex, who place themselves facing one another at some distance. It represents a declaration of love, which in very expressive pantomimic gestures is made, rejected, solicited, and approved, and wherein the different talents of the dancers are displayed in various degrees of light and shade that are exhibited in the modest importunity of the lover, and the struggles between bashfulness, timidity, and secret wishes in the coy fair one. The dancers approach and retreat in certain measured steps, which, however, are not always in perfect accordance with the music. This dance being throughout a naturally speaking pantomime, it is in the power of art to do little or nothing to its refinement; it is more frequently danced well by the common people, than in fashionable circles, and it is rarely seen to perfection even among experienced persons of the ordinary class. The music by which it is accompanied is extremely plain and simple; frequently it requires no instrument at all, but the spectators join their voices together in some ballad to it. I am, Sir, &c.

L. R.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 161.]

LETTER VI.

You assure me, my dear Eugenia, that your progress keeps pace with my instructions, but let me recommend again to you the perusal of the "Studies of Nature," by S. Pierre. It is from that work that I have derived the greatest part of my knowledge, and it will teach you how to make observations.

I perceive a plant of a deep green, whose leaves are broad at their base, and terminate in a point, placed opposite each other on long peduncles, and at some distance. At every swelling occasioned on the stem by the union of the peduncles of two leaves, ten or twelve white flowers are ranged in a circle. The next leaves form a snowy ring of a similar nature, and the same is seen to the very top of the plant.

Let us study this handsome flower, and class it according to our method. It is the *lamium album*, or white dead nettle; what first strikes my eyes is, that the superior lip is supported by four elastic filaments, which are the stamina. Two of those filaments are short, and two long, and all surmounted with black anthers of an oblong shape. If you open the corol carefully you will find a long pistil, red, and so thin that it is almost lost amidst the filaments of the stamina, but which can be taken away by itself. The order of this class, which we have found to be the fourteenth, or didynamia, is the gymnospermia, which must show us four naked seeds at the bottom of every calyx.

The stem of this nettle is square, and the four corners are strengthened by a thick filament. The peduncle of the leaves carries, like a canal, the rain water to the crown of flowers at its base. The calyx has five points which seem intended to defend the blossom, and is spotted with black towards the lower part, while the two sides of the stem, which support no leaves, are also tinged with the same colour.

The fumitory is a salutary and useful plant, which is employed with advantage in many cases.

Its thin leaves, widely separated from each other, of a light green, and extending on every side their flexible shelter, seem to form around the plant a brilliant cloud of verdure.

The stem of the plant is almost imperceptibly channelled, in order, probably, that the drops of rain may more easily reach its root.

The flowers are disposed in a small bunch, and their colour is that of the rose.

From the stem arises a small green stipule to support the peduncle. The appellation of stipule is given to two follicles which are found at the base of the peduncles. Two small white wings replace the calyx, and bear the flower, which is composed of several pieces at the top, but united at the base, so that, in reality, the fumetory is monopetalous.

One of those pieces serves for a covering to the whole of the flower; two others are below the first, and conceal the parts of fructification; the fourth and last are only thin filaments which support the weight of the three superior ones.

Take away the first of those parts of the petal which I have already described, and you will find the pistil, between two bundles of stamina, but so little that my eyes can hardly number them. They are six divided into two separate bodies, so that I am certain that my fumitory or *fumaria officinalis* belongs, according to Linnæus, to the diadelphia hexandria.

The learned will laugh, perhaps, at my description; but tell me, my dear Eugenia, whether my explanations are plain, and I faithfully describe what my eyes consider and study.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I thank you for your observations on the tubercles of the leaves, which give birth to whole families of flowers. They recal to my mind the vales of Tartary, where, amidst the rocks and mountains, far distant from other nations, who are ignorant of their existence, myriads of generations arise to invade and conquer them.—Such were the tribes which, under Gengis and Tamerlane, deluged the plains of Asia. Such, it is said, are now the Kalmouks, the only true Tartars, and already to be dreaded.

The three first volumes of the "*Spectacle de la Nature*," contain some simple practical elementary observations on the charms of natural history, which form a very pleasing lecture, and one soon becomes accustomed to the author's trivialities. I remember to have found there amusing descriptions of the tubercles, which are formed by the insect that gnaw the leaves. I believe the insect penetrates between the first skin of the leaf and the substance, which causes it to swell. There are insects bold enough to leave their eggs even in the body of the caterpillar, which they pierce with their sting.

I have just gathered the greater celandine; it is a large yellow plant, with four petals, called in Latin *chelidonum majus*. I do not remark any appearance of calyx. A number of stamina yellow like the corol, and which appear to me not precisely determined, place it in the polyandria. A simple green pistil makes it belong to the order of monogynia.

The fruit is a long silicle.

I open it with the assistance of a pin before the grains are entirely matured, and I find in each side more than sixty small seeds that shine like little pearls, they are ranged in two rows.

I had also the cruelty to open a bud—sweet but frail hope!

My merciless pin severed in two a sort of green envelope, slightly armed with little hairs. I do not know what becomes of this envelope at the perfect inflorescence, as I do not find it in the blown flowers.

Under this envelope you distinguish the four yellow petals destined to expand, but folded one over the other with a truly admirable art. Under these small veils, so well arranged, prosper and increase the little regiment of stamina, with the pistil in the centre, an emblem of fraternal innocence, they grow in the same cradle.

The leaves of the greater celandine, slightly lined with white, are notched, and seem to lengthen and divide themselves into three. They thicken and multiply towards the bottom of the plant, and generally the greater celandine grows in tufts.

That heap of leaves which clothe the soil, adds mystery to the shades of th[illegible]orest.

When you break the [illegible]m, a yellow liquor appears. It is very seld[illegible] that the juice of plants has any colour.

I now gather the gre[illegible]r centaury, or blue bottle, in Latin *centaurea j[illegible]ea*. I distinguish in this plant, otherwise not ve[illegible] agreeable, a disk and a ray, composed of flore[illegible] You must study these florets, to discover to [illegible]hat class it belongs.

I pluck one from the disk, and find five stamina united by their purple anthers, and surrounding a small weak pistil.

This aggregation of anthers announces the syngenesia. I see that the florets of the disk are hermaphrodite. I take one from the ray, find it to be neuter, and my plant is ranged in the order of polygamia frustranea.

The greater centaury is of a redish purple. It is destined to grow every where, and is supported by a tough stem, rough to the touch. The leaves, which partake of the same roughness, are long, narrow, without notches, and few in number. Those I have afford a retreat to rapacious insects, who penetrate under the leaves, the inside of which they hollow out, which gives to the exterior the appearance of being covered with white streaks.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The *anthirrinum linaria*, or toad-flax, is found every where; it is a flower in the shape of a muzzle, whose straight and delicate stem carries narrow (or to use the scientific term) linear leaves, which are of the softest green.

The plant from the middle of its leaves, which become larger at the base, throws out several small branches, covered with flowers, from the centre of which arises the main stem. The flowers, alternately ranged around the stem, are supported by a slender peduncle, that carries a small leaf.

These little flowrets are of a light grey colour, and very beautiful. The superior lip, darker than the inferior, is striped with purple, the other with lilac; nothing can be more elegant than the appearance of the whole. The two lips are always exactly placed one above the other, the upper one is slit in the middle, and forms two wings. But when the flower is still in bud, these two wings are bent down, to fill up every vacancy. The inferior lip is swelled at the opening of the muzzle, and tinged with yellow, undoubtedly from the dust of the stamina concealed within the flower, for this tint appears to me to lie on the surface. This lip is lengthened into three divisions, as small beards, they are neatly cut, and form three little concave circles.

The calyx is divided into five parts, and separates the small spur from the flower, supports it on its peduncle, and becomes the receptacle of the seeds, which it closely encircles and protects.

Opening the little muzzle with great precaution, we discover a pistil supported on an ovary fastened to the bottom of the calyx, so that some time after the blossom is over the pistil still remains implanted in the calyx, and watches over the seeds, like the shadow of a mother over the cradle of her children.

The four stamina, two of which are short and two long, are purple, like the flower, and have their yellow anthers edged with black. They are placed on each side of the flower; you find in separating the two sides of the corol that a large and small stamen are attached to each side, and approaching each other, forming a double arch.

These features denote the didynamia. The seeds, almost imperceptible, are covered by a pericarp, and belong to the order of angiospermia

Now we are at this class I will describe to you the *melampyrum arvense*, or purple cow-wheat. It is found in every corn field. This plant grows rather high; its flowers are in heads closely ranged, and intermixed with a great many floral leaves, which resemble the beard of corn, and are of a reddish purple.

Each flower terminates into a muzzle, and forms at its base a large tube, which lengthens, and is placed on an excessively short peduncle in the centre of a very large calyx, of the same hue as the floral leaf that supports it, and cut in the same manner.

Floral leaves, or bractes, are those which grow with the flower, and wear divers shapes.

When those leaves and the calyx begin to fade they lose their colour, and become of a pale green; but when the plant is in its prime, the lower part of its stem is also covered with green leaves, which are placed opposite each other at some distance, without peduncle, in the shape of grass.

The tube of the flower is of a reddish hue, but becomes white towards the muzzle, the two sides and under part of which are spotted with yellow. The superior lip, narrow and like a hood, completely conceals the stamina, which the inferior lip, rising immediately beneath, supports as on a platform.

Nothing can be prettier than the body of ermine which edges the interior of the superior lip.

The pistil is a slight filament, which serves as an elastic support to the superior lip, which seems to form a little helmet. When I opened this flower some fine white dust flew from the anthers, and covered my fingers.

I could not remark any very great difference in the dimensions of the four stamina; two of them appeared to me to be more particularly attached to the upper, and two to the inferior part of the corol. This plant, as most of the labiate, is ranged in the didynamia; its seeds enveloped in a capsule, place it in the angiospermia order.

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The field-sage, *salvia pratensis*, is at present in bloom; you must hasten to gather it. The hay-makers are hard at work, and I see with pain passing by in their carts all the riches of our herbal.

Sage is a species of labiate, and, however, is not ranged in that class, which is already so numerous.

It has but two stamina, attached by a sort of spring to the inferior lip. The pistil is extremely long, and bends to unite with the two anthers.

When it is completely blown, the pistil bifid, that is to say, slightly split at the end, rises above the other lip.

The flower of the finest purple, or dark violet, presents a concave under lip, quite separate from the little helmet formed by the other lip. This under lip slightly slit through the middle, but deeper on the sides, forms two small wings.

The calyx of a reddish hue, is furrowed, and protected by short hairs, which grow close together, like those of a little brush. This calyx is dented in on each side, and still deeper under the lower lip. The upper lip is without any dent.

The flowers are verticillate, and ranged in little tufts, placed at some distance from each other round their stem, which is square, of a reddish hue, and hairy like the calyx.

Two little floral leaves shaped like a heart, and whose broadest part surrounds the stem, support the aggregation of flowers, and are placed opposite each other. The under part of these leaves is hairy like the calyx.

There is no need I should explain to you, that what are called alternate leaves, are those placed at equal distances, and ascending after each other. Opposite leaves are those which answer to the two opposed ends of the stem. They almost always form a cross.

The sage deposits at the bottom of its calyx two uncovered seeds, which remain attached there until they become ripe.

The smell of this plant is very powerful.

It has very few leaves towards its base, rises quite straight, and throws out several branches, above which appears the stem.

Its class is the diandria; its order monogynia.

For our second study we will take Venus's looking-glass, or *campanula speculum*. It is a very pretty flower, that grows amongst corn, and which now is nearly over.

It does not rise very high, but throws out a great many small branches, which are very thin, and all terminate in branches of purple flowers.

The flowers monopetalous, have five notches rather deep, and a well-marked fold in the middle of each of them. This fold enters into the flower, while the notched part remains on the outside, and forms of this flower a small purse, which shuts at night and opens to the light. This little flower is shaded with white at the bottom of its coral, externally as well as internally; and some time before the flower is completely over the purple shades become pale and discoloured.

Its calyx has five divisions, thin like grass, and which form a little circumference at some distance from the coral.

It seems to me, if I do not mistake, that the species of pistil which supports this flower is no other thing than the ovary itself, or more likely the contimation of the calyx, that preserves the depot of grains. They are imperceptible, numberless, and as in a little pod, when the flower has faded away. The case, of a very fine texture, is triangular and furrowed. It rests upon the little branches.

Each small petiole, that announces a flower at its extremity, is supported by a leaf. The plant otherwise has but few, they are united and round.

The plant affects no particular shape. It forms at the side of the corn a little bush, which spreads its purple flowers to the sight, instead of branches, leaves, and thorns.

My plant contains five weak stamina; the pistil is longer and stronger than any of them, which makes me think that the flower inclines itself to facilitate fecundation.

The class of this plant is the pentandria, and its order monogynia.

My dear friend, I think I have given you enough for to-day, my time does not permit me to say more. Yesterday part of the flowers I had gathered drooped while I held them. It was truly affecting, those poor little plants slumbered in the hand that had severed them from life.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[*Continued from Page* 41.]

In our last essay upon this subject we concluded with some miscellaneous precepts of domestic economy, which are necessary to form the frugal and complete housekeeper.—Although they treat upon trivial subjects, they are not, therefore, to be despised. The system of economy, when broken into its component parts, will be found a system of items and details; nothing is too minute for its attention, and it is impossible to comprehend the whole without a previous study of the parts.

We shall recommence, therefore, with some practical precepts:—

Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest articles omitted to be entered; and if balanced every week or month, the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people approve of keeping in separate purses the money for different purposes, as domestic articles, clothes, pocket, education of children, &c.

Whichever way accounts be kept, some certain method should be adopted and strictly adhered to.

Many families have owed their prosperity full as much to the conduct and propriety of female management, as to the knowledge and activity of the father.

Those who are served with brewer's beer, or any other thing not paid for on delivery, should have a book for entering the date; which will not only prevent overcharges, but at one view give the annual consumption.

It is much to be feared, that for the waste of many of the good things that God has given for our use, not abuse, the mistress and servants of great houses will hereafter be called to a strict account.

Some part of every person's fortune should be devoted to charity; by which "a pious woman will build up her house before God, while she that is foolish (*i. e.* lends nothing to the Lord,) pulls it down with her hands." No one can complain of the want of gifts to the poor in this land; but there is a mode of relief which would add greatly to their comfort, and which being prepared from superfluity, and such materials as are often thrown away, the expences would not be felt.

By good hours, especially early breakfast, a family is more regular, and much time is saved. If orders be given soon in the morning, there will be more time to execute them; and servants, by doing their work with ease, will be more equal to it, and fewer will be necessary.

It is worthy of notice, that the general expence will be reduced, if every thing be kept in its proper place, applied to its proper use, and mended, when the nature of an accident will allow, as soon as broken.

An inventory of furniture, linen, and china should be kept, and the things examined by it twice a year, or oftener, if there be a change of servants; into each of whose care the articles used by him or her, should be entrusted, with a list, as is done with plate. Tickets of parchment with the family name, numbered, and specifying what bed it belongs to, should be sewed on each feather bed, bolster, pillows, and blanket.

Many well-meaning servants are ignorant of the best means of managing, and thereby waste as much as would maintain a small family, besides causing the mistress of the house much chagrin by their irregularity; and many families, from a want of method, have the appearance of chance rather than regular system. To avoid which the following hints may be useful.

All things likely to be wanted should be in readiness; sugars of different qualities should be kept broken, currants washed, picked, and dry in a jar; spice pounded, &c.

Where regular noonings or suppers are used (and in every house some preparation is necessary for accidental visitors,) care should be taken to have such things in readiness as may be proper for either; a list of several will be subjoined, a change of which will be agreeable, and if properly managed will be attended with no great expence.

Every article should be kept in that place best suited to it, as much waste may thereby be avoided, viz.

Vegetables will keep best on a stone floor, if the air be excluded—meat in a cold dry place—sugar and sweetmeats require a dry place; so does salt—candles cold, but not damp—dried meats, hams, &c. the same—all sorts of seeds for puddings, saloop, rice, &c. should be close covered to preserve from insects. Flour should be kept in a cool perfectly dry room, and the bag being tied should be changed upside down and back every week, and well shaken.—Soap should be cut with a wire or twine, in pieces that form a long square, when first brought in, and kept out of the air two or three weeks; for if it dry

quick, it will crack, and when wet break. Put it on a shelf, leaving a space between, and let it grow hard gradually. Thus, it will save a full third in the consumption.—Cheese should be washed and wiped if you wish to preserve it sound, and the shelves be washed; changing the place every three or four weeks; but if it be wanted to ripen, a damp cellar will bring it forward.

Bread is now so heavy an article of expence that all waste should be guarded against, and having it cut in the room will tend much to prevent it; since the scarcity in 1795 and 1800, that custom has been much adopted. It should not be cut until a day old; earthen pans and covers keep it best.

Rolls, muffins, or any sort of bread, may be made to taste new when two or three days old, by dipping it uncut in water, and baking afresh or toasting.

Eggs may be bought cheapest when the hens first begin to lay in the spring, before they sit; in Lent and Easter they become dear. They may be preserved fresh by dipping them in boiling water, and instantly taking them out, or by oiling the shell; either of which ways is to prevent the air passing through it. They should be kept on shelves with small holes to receive one in each, and be turned every other day.

Carrots, parsnips, and beet roots, should be kept in sand for winter use, and neither they nor potatoes be cleared from the earth.

Store onions preserve best hung up in a dry cold room.

Straw to lay apples on should be quite dry, to prevent a musty taste.

Large pears should be tied up by the stalk.

Tarragon gives the flavour of French cookery, and in high gravies is a great improvement; but should be added only a short time before serving.

Basil, savory, and knotted marjoram, or London thyme, to be used when herbs are ordered; but with discretion, as they are very pungent.

Celery seeds give the flavour of the plant to soups.

Parsley should be cut close to the stalks, and dried on tins in a very cool oven: it preserves its flavour and colour, and is very useful in winter.

Artichoke bottoms, which have been slowly dried, should be kept in paper bags; and truffles, morels, lemon peel, &c. in a dry place ticketed.

In towns, poultry being usually sold ready picked, the feathers, which may occasionally come in in small quantities, are neglected: but orders should be given to put them into a tub free from damp, and as they dry to change them into paper bags, a few in each; they should hang in a dry kitchen to season; fresh ones must not be added to those in part dried, or they will occasion a musty smell, but they should go through the same process In a few months they will be fit to add to beds, or to make pillows, without the usual mode of drying them in a cool oven, which may be pursued if they are wanted before five or six months.

The best means to preserve blankets from moths is to fold and lay them under the feather beds that are in use, and they should be shaken occasionally. When soiled, they should be washed, not scoured.

Candles made in cool weather are best; and when their price, and that of soap, which rise and fall together, is likely to be higher, it will be prudent to lay in the stock of both. This information the chandler can always give; they are better for keeping eight or ten months, and will not injure for two years, if properly placed in the cool; and there are few articles that better deserve care in buying, and allowing a due quantity of, according to the size of the family.

[*To be continued.*]

FINE ARTS.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

IT has not hitherto been in our power to enlarge this branch of our work to the extent originally intended; but as materials for criticism and observation have at length come to our hand, we consider it our duty to enter upon the subject of the Fine Arts, and particularly upon the annual display at Somerset-House, with a determination to do all we can to excite the taste and correct the judgment of our readers. The subject must be allowed to be of a very serious nature, which involves the reputation of many of the eminent masters of the day, and the general character of the British school of painters at the present period.

The flippant and unmeaning remarks in the newspapers have brought what passes under the name of "Criticism upon the Exhibition," into great discredit; we approach, therefore, to our

present task under some difficulties, more particularly as we shall be found to be greatly at variance with what has hitherto appeared in the public journals.

According to the plan which suggests itself, of offering our criticisms upon the Exhibition under the respective departments of the art, it would be necessary to commence with History; but when we throw our eyes round the walls of the Academy, the prospect is barren beyond parallel; there are, perhaps, some few exotics or non-descripts, but nothing which deserves to be considered under this primary class of painting. We lament exceedingly, with every well-wisher to the arts in this country, that the historical pencil is more than ever on the decline The Exhibition is very rapidly becoming a mere saloon for a morning lounge to see the likeness of a friend, instead of an academy of painting, and a school of science. We are compelled, therefore, to commence with those pictures which approach nearest to the line of art which is so much slighted.

The picture which claims our first attention is

No. 91, *A Fancy Groupe*, by T. Lawrence, R.A.

The groupe in this Picture is evidently composed of portraits, and ranks somewhat under the head of a *Bacchante* scene. The female head is marked by an expression quick and lively; it is well drawn, clearly coloured, and the reflected shadows are expressed with great felicity. The head of the boy, looking towards his mother, is full of airiness, frolic, and animation; the movement of the hair correspondent with the quick turn of the head, expresses life and vivacity in every gesture. This head is likewise a portrait. The head of the dog, turning towards the boy, is finely rendered; and is at once characteristic of the fidelity and benevolence of this social animal, and of its fondness for its youthful play fellow. The head of the dog claims equal attention with those of the female and the boy. Th's groupe is wholly on the ground, which occasions many fore shortenings, particularly in the leg of the dog, and the right leg of the boy which accompanies it. They are among the most difficult and happiest efforts of art. We could wish the left leg of the boy had not been thrown so much back; it makes an angle so acute with the right leg, that the harmony necessary to be preserved in the running of lines is totally destroyed. The management of light and shade in this picture is arranged with as much knowledge of effect as of taste; but we could have wished that the colour of this picture had a little more accompanied the arrangement of the *clare obscure*; it would have b en the means of collecting colour more into the light, which would have given to the receding parts of the picture less colour, and prevented that scattered effect which makes the first impression upon the eye of the spectator.

The whole of the circle which surrounds the groupe, being unconnected with any of the tones of the picture, injures considerably the effect of the colours in this painting, and prevents the groupe from producing that natural effect which it must have made, had the spandles in the frame been filled up with gold, instead of a stone colour. It would have thus approximated nearer to the general tones in this piece, have rendered the harmony more agreeable, and the groupe more natural. But, upon the whole, this picture may fairly be said to add to the fame of Mr. Lawrence, and confer another laurel upon his justly acquired reputation.

The next picture we shall consider, from the station which it holds in the Exhibition, is

No. 229, *Prospero and Miranda*, by M. A. Shee, R. A.

We regret extremely, from our respect for the general talents of this master, that we cannot bestow upon this work those commendations which we have formerly given to some of his portraits.

The subject of this composition being poetical, required that thought and arrangement which should characterize the spirit and meaning of the original poet. To examine it upon this principle, we cannot admit that the character of the man is that of Prospero, or that the young female is the Miranda of Shakespeare. The academical part of the picture, as well as that part which constitutes taste, out of delicacy to the first attempt which this artist has made in the line in which he has now appeared, ought not to be examined with so nice a scrutiny. We shall here pardon much; but from a man of the general genius and talents of Mr. Shee, we should have expected something more congenial with the mind of Shakespeare, and, at least, nothing trite and common place. We should have conceived that he would have felt those niceties in art, which he has so well distinguished with his pen.

When we consider that the subject of this picture is ideal, we naturally look for that colour, and *clare obscure*, which belongs to that department of art, and not for those decided and local colours of objects which too much prevail in this picture. The colours should partake more of the atmosphere of the Tempest, in which this scene lies, and not exhibit those decided reds and yellows,—colours which belong more to the familiar subjects in nature than to dignified art or ideal characters. We hope Mr. Shee will take these admonitions with as much kindness as they are meant; we have avoided saying too much,

as it is not our wish to impede his efforts of art, but to excite and cherish a more correct taste.

The next picture that comes under the line of our observation of ideal art, is

No. 221, *A Sleeping Nymph*, by J. Hoppner, R. A.—Whether this picture is to be considered as representing a Nymph or a Venus, is not an object for us to dwell upon; we shall, therefore, first consider what are the requisites to be found in this subject to characterize a Venus.

The first requisite is decidedly the beauty of form; no aberration from which can ever be dispensed with. To draw a Venus or an Apollo, is to throw down the gauntlet, and challenge criticism in support of the most minute accuracy and finished grace of the pencil; and as the perfection of those characters has been bequeathed to the modern world by the Greeks, what would have been the remarks of an Appelles or a Xeuxis in looking upon this figure? "*That it had neither character nor drawing to constitute a Venus.*"

That the face is pretty must be admitted, and that the swell of the bosom is natural and not without grace; but from this part of the figure to the end of the foot, there is a want of drawing, and the correctness of beautiful forms, with a deficiency, in the length, in the division of the figure, which creates an indecision in the setting on of the limbs, and produces something in the rising of the right hip, and the overlapping of the right knee, which gives a bad shape to the right thigh and knee; add to this, a kind of heaviness of form in the lower extremities, which no wise corresponds with the prettiness of the face, and Mr. Hoppner must be confessed to have given us a Venus very different from those models which have been established by the Greeks.

This higher excellence in character we will now leave, and turn to those which Mr. Hoppner seems to have laboured most to obtain, we mean *colour*.—In this he has evidently had Sir Joshua Reynolds in his view, and must be confessed to have made a happy imitation of his best manner, for a pearly clearness in the colour of the flesh. The broad folding red curtain, united with the blue tints of the sky, and the flesh tints of the naked Cupid, form a pleasing assemblage of colours for the back ground; but we could have wished that his *Cupid*, like his *Venus*, had been better drawn.

No. 19. *Count Ugolino, Chief of the Guelphs, at Pisa, locked up in the Torre della Fame, and starved to death.* H. Fuseli, *R. A.*—Before we enter upon our examination of this picture it will be necessary to ask a question—What are the requisites which the critic would expect to find in a composition of this sort? What would he exact from the artist; what would his taste approve; what would satisfy his judgment? He would expect, in the conception of the story, that which should distinguish it from all other subjects, and give it that peculiarity of character, without which no work of the pencil can ever be rendered sufficiently decided to be original or lasting.—When we examine the above picture by this rule, we cannot admit that the story is so told as to place it among those permanent compositions which preclude from success every future effort upon a similar subject. In the character of Ugolino, under the peculiar misfortune of his imprisonment and overthrow, surrounded by his famished family, and in a situation which admitted no hope, we naturally expect to find the children looking to the father for assistance and consolation, who, incapable of affording them relief, but still expressing tenderness and compassion for them, has nothing left in his power but paternal affection and emotion. But in the present groupe, Ugolino has the appearance of a man who, having in a fit of phrenzy destroyed the young female who lies across his knees, has just returned to a sense of reason and remorse at the act which he has perpetrated. He has nothing of the character, either in action or passion, of a father who has lost a favourite child by famine. By this material error, that of the professed story, as it were, being not only imperfectly narrated, but absolutely untold, the artist has entirely lost the passion he must have intended to enforce; he has substituted horror for pathos, and depictured ferocity instead of sympathy.

The figure of the daughter, as thrown across the knees of the father, from the perpendicular hanging of the limbs in right angles with the position of the body, conveys more the idea of a drowned figure, just taken from the waters, than that of a female emaciated and contracted by famine. The sudden dropping of the limbs likewise takes off from the length which the just proportions of the body require, and renders the drawing essentially imperfect. The body is too short; in fact there is scarcely any body at all; the whole figure is arms and legs. The scene of this picture being cast in a dungeon, we of course expected to see a gloom pervading every part, but it should be remembered that there is a distinction always to be supported between the transparency of tints, though gloomy, and tints that are black and heavy; and we could have wished that this picture did not partake so much of the last quality in point of the colour.

There is in the works of Mr. Fuseli an originality of thought which gives a very marked character to his pictures, and for which we are inclined to admire and honour him; but it is some-

times matter of regret to us that, in the compositions of this artist, the subject is rather made to bend to the mind than the mind to conform to the subject. Thus the general stamp of his pictures is too much uniformity of thinking, and a habit which borders upon *mannerism*.

No. 5, *Love sheltered.* H. Thompson. R. A.

The poetry of this picture is pleasing, and the groupe well imagined. The young female, rising upon her toes, is admirably expressive of an eagerness to assist the benighted *Cupid.* The tone of colour in the picture, partaking of a silvery tint, is characteristic of the delicacy of the subject; and gives to the general effect of the piece a harmony which is perfectly consonant with the thought. So far we are warranted in commending this picture; but when we survey it by the higher principles of science and of art, we discern a want of precision in the drawing, which indicates a general feebleness, and an evident deficiency in that knowledge of the human figure, which should always accompany works of art, where the subject is ideal, and where the forms should, of consequence, exhibit every thing that belongs to grace, taste, and accuracy of pencil. In these qualities, however, the Cupid, as well as the undrapered parts of the female in this picture, are evidently deficient. But notwithstanding these imperfections, this composition of Mr. Thomson's has a claim to our praise for the chastity and elegance of its sentiment; though it does not augment his former reputation, when we revert to the merits of the picture of the Youth "Crossing the Brook."

No. 145.—*Village Politicians, by* D. Wilkie.

This picture evidently represents a scene of the politicians of lower life, collected in a public house after the labours of the day, disputing upon some points of politics, which may be supposed, at that moment, to have interested every class of society, and to have found its way into the shop of the mechanic, and the cottage of the husbandman. The idea is original. The principal figure which appears in this groupe, is a young carpenter, who, from the shrewd winking of his eyes, the expression of his mouth, the extended arm, with the acute angle of the wrist, and the end of the fore-finger on the table, happily conveys a self-approbation of the sagacity and superiority of *his* mind over those of his hearers; while the man before him, who is evidently a blacksmith, seems to hold his sentiments cheap, notwithstanding all his self-consequence and dictatorial parade. These two figures are admirably characteristic of the conceit which a little knowledge produces upon vulgar minds; they evince great observation of rustic nature, and the influence of the little heats of parties and politics upon such as would naturally be supposed beyond the sphere of their operation. The expression of the face of the man, reading the paper, indicates with much felicity his composed and settled acquiescence in the conclusions of his own mind,—his undaunted adherence to his own opinions, amidst the din of his battling associates. He is easy and quiet, and *thinks for himself*; whilst another man, in the opposite part of this picture, is scratching his head, seemingly sensible of his not having the eloquence of the "haranguing carpenter," but tolerably confident, in his own mind, that he is the best informed man in the room.—The accompaniments to these figures are happy and appropriate, and every way expressive of the inside of a house that retails whiskey.

The drawing of the heads in this picture, as well as that of the hands, is correct and natural. Such are the points which demand our commendation; and we sincerely hope that, whilst this young artist is acquiring the other excellencies of the profession, he will most carefully endeavour not to lose what he has already obtained; that he will not suffer a little applause to divert his mind from the line of art for which his genius seems peculiarly to have qualified him, and which, in time, may give to this country a painter of stronger sentiments than have hitherto fallen even to the lot of Teniers, or the most admired masters of the Dutch School. Notwithstanding, however, our general admiration of those parts of the picture which we have described, we could wish in future that this artist would endeavour to give a little more force and warmth in the tone of his colours, which might remove something of the monotony of a *clay-*like colour, which too much pervades the present picture.

To be continued.

MR. WEST'S GRAND HISTORICAL PICTURE
OF THE
DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

THIS celebrated Artist, who has so long maintained the first rank in his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English School, but to establish an æra in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which, in justice to his well-earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public and his profession.—The pencil which immortalized Wolfe, and British valour, on the Heights of *Abraham*, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a Nelson, and the most splendid victory which has ever been recorded in the annals of the British Navy.

It is a just pride to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders.—A certain French General is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tomb stone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned. In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the death of Lord Nelson in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any Exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the Artist has considered it under the head of the Epic. He has kept the attention constantly fixed upon the hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying Nelson is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship, surrounded by his Officers. By this groupe he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is the hero, and, in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying Admiral.

The point of time is the death of the hero, and the victory united.

Lord Nelson lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his Chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to Heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety, a dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his King and Country. In the countenance of Nelson, the painter has shewn his power of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness. In Nelson there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr. This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Captain Hardy, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy, and the number of ships taken. The surgeon and his mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at the feet of the dying Admiral, and an Officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back, with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his Commander.

The picture, generally, may be said to consist of two distinct groups. The figures on the left form a groupe of Officers attendant on his Lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the groupe on the right, which consists of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the surgeons, who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of Nelson.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully pourtrayed and contrasted, are groups of sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of these smaller groups we can never too much commend; we mean that of an affectionate demeanour of a faithful servant over the dead body of his master, Captain Adair.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the marines and their wounded officers; the signal lieutenant, with his midshipman; and the master of the ship, with his navigating seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at the gun, close to which a lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blow-

ing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors.—The groups in this picture are composed of nearly eighty figures, and more than fifty of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in the battle.

The following is a correct list of the principal portraits in this picture:—

Lord Nelson; Capt. Hardy, now Sir Thomas; Mr. Beatty, First Surgeon; Niel Smith, Second Surgeon; Rev. Dr. Scott, Chaplain; W. Westenburgh, Third Surgeon.

Officers, being the groupe to the left of Lord Nelson

Lieutenant Quillim; Lieutenant Bligh; Lieutenant Williams; Lieutenant King; Lieutenant Wing, with French colours; Mr. Goble, Secretary to Capt. Hardy; Mr. Rivers, the Gunner; Mr. R. Bulkeley, a Midshipman; W. Saunders, with the Spanish colours.

The groupe to the right of Lord Nelson, animated by the Victory.

Serjeant-Major Secker, of the Marines; Lieutenant Cheseman; Mr. Lancaster, a young Midshipman; Joseph Burgin, wounded Seaman; David Bukin, carrying the wounded; Mr. Rivers, Midshipman; Capt. Adair, of the Marines, dead; Charles Chappel, his Servant; H. Carey; Mr. Scott, Secretary; a Neapolitan Calabrian; Lieut. Rottley.

Groupe at the gun under the ship's poop.

Lieutenant Ram, killed; Mr. Westhall, Midshipmam; Mr Lyons, Midshipman; Robert Drummond, Servant to Capt. Hardy; Thomas Bartlett, Capt. Hardy's Steward; J. Saunders, Powder-boy.

Groupe on the ship's poop.

Lieutenant Peak, led down wounded; Lieut. Reeves, wounded; Corporal Tuff, of the Marines; William Wells, Marine; young Midshipmen attending on the Signal Officer; Mr. Robertson; W. Randall; Alexander Palmer; Mr. Atkinson, Master of the Ship.

Such is this picture;—of which, independent of its excellence as a work of art, we may truly say, that the circumstances which produced its perfection can never occur again. It is impossible again to collect, in the painting-room of the artist, those various groupes of men whose portraits are upon the canvass, and whose individual likenesses were necessary for the fidelity of a composition which aspires to be considered as a work of historical record,—a work of truth, and not of fancy.

We shall not enter into a minute criticism; it will be sufficient to say, that Mr. West, in this picture, has excelled every thing he has hitherto done.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A LOVING EPISTLE,

To his Grace the Duke of Queensbury, from his Arm Chair, in Piccadilly.

ALL London knows, my Lord, I've stood
Your waiting gentleman in wood,
For many a stormy year together,
Braving all sorts of wind and weather.
Some of your livery train may bridle,
Toss up their heads, and call me idle;
The varlets, with their powdered pate,
Think themselves greater than the great;
Yet, what not one of them can say,
I've served your honour without pay!
What though I never stir a peg,
What though I stand on wooden leg,
Pray which of them have been so steady,
So quiet, willing, or so ready?
More faithful than that favoured croney,
Your Grace's confidential poney,
For though that dear, lov'd hobby paces]
And shews you all the pretty faces,
Goes deftly through your morning tours,
I claim your Lordship's softer hours,
Your tender secrets he'll ne'er tell,
But I can keep them quite as well;
And the town says, you look more snug
Upon my cushion than his rug.
Safe in my arms you wake or doze,
Half shut the eyes, or quite repose;
And thus enjoy the morning air
Without once moving from your chair.
My Lord, confess your *vis-a-vis*
Is less a friend to you than me;
I, like King Richard at his glass,
Shew you "the shadows as they pass;"
Shadows of fashion, horse and foot,
Whether in buskin, shoe, or boot;
Slattern Minervas in the rough,
And dainty Venusses in buff,
And maiden Marses on a charger,
Stuff'd, and swell'd out, to look the larger;
Though still, in hero size, more scant,
Than mice astride an elephant.

In short, there's nothing moves by day,
From eastward grave, to westward gay,
Of phantoms old, or phantoms new,
But comes through me within your view;
The dashing damsels of the chace,
Dames more demure with mincing pace,
Loungers who saunter, sparks who trip,
And the grand masters of the whip;
Charioteer—Lords, who perch'd on high
Seem upon winged wheels to fly,
Who whirl more fierce, and look more bold
Than the proud Phaetons of old,
And who sometimes, their pride to humble,
Get for their pains a cursed tumble;
And yet, with all their mighty crack,
Much abler coachmen drive a hack!
Then come the swarms so sleek and silly,
Bound to the parks through Piccadilly.

Such quizes, and a thousand more,
Exhibit at your Grace's door,
And though I ne'er enjoy the sport,
Am still so firmly your support,
That not a Peer is serv'd so true,
As is his Noble Grace of Q.

Thus far, my Lord, in merry vein,
Permit me now to change the strain.
Hear then your faithful servant's prayer,
Long may I prove—an easy chair;
When active pleasures are no more,
And life's gay rhapsodies are o'er,
When all its prospects fade away,
And quench'd in night the visual ray,
Then good, my Lord, when you, like me,
Can neither feel, nor hear, nor see,
When the mind's eye alone has sight,
May that shew prospects which delight!
And if—for mind is still sincere—
She heaves the sigh, and starts the tear,
O may that tear, my Lord, that sigh,
Find their acceptance in the sky;
At length, to crown your servant's prayer,
Still may I prove—an easy chair.

THE FEATS OF HELEN,

A NEW SONG.

Tune, "*I am a jolly gay Pedlar*," &c.

At present each boarding-school *belle*,
Of her *beaux* and her conquests is telling,
But none of 'em cut such a swell
As the Lacedæmonian Helen:
Some account of her birth I will render,
Which seems a most whimsical hatch;
For her mother, though married to Tyndar,
Could never approve of the match.
Tol de rol, &c.

Old Jove, in the shape of a swan,
Would sometimes in their neighbourhood [prowl,
Till the husband of Leda began
To suspect that her play must be foul.
So, conceiving his honour abused,
In a tone of correction he spoke:
But the dame, though her egg was produced,
Said she never was fond of the yoke.

Little Helen crept out of the egg,
But scarcely ten years had gone by,
When Theseus, beginning to beg,
Decoyed the young chicken to fly;
When King Tyndarus heard the disaster,
His Majesty crackled like Ætna,
So out he sent Pollux and Castor,
Who caught her a furlong from Gretna.

Soon after, from different lands,
She had suitors to fight for her favour,
But wheedled 'em all to shake hands,
And allow Menelaus to have her:
"And if," said the chiefs of the host,
"You should ever be put to a shift,
"You may drop us a line by the post,
"And we'll all of us lend you a lift."

Menelaus was happy to win her,
But she got a cure for her passion,
By scraping acquaintance at dinner,
With Paris, a Trojan of fashion;
This chap was a stylish young dog,
The most jessamy fellow in life,
For he drank Menelaus's grog,
And then, damme, made off with his wife!

The suitors were sent for, who swore
They would punish this trumpery boy,
So Achilles, and two or three more,
Undertook the destruction of Troy;
But Achilles grew stubborn as steel,
And prevented their moving a peg,
Till Paris had shot through his heel,
And he found himself laid by the leg.

At last they demolish'd the city,
And then, as the poets have told,
Lady Helen might still be call'd pretty,
Though very near sixty years old.
Menelaus, when Madam was found,
Took her quietly home in his chaise,
So Troy being burned to the ground,
My story goes off with a blaze.
And a tol de rol, &c.

HORATIUS.

A WISH

FOR THE RECOVERY OF MISS S. M.

Oh! fiend of pain, withdraw thy fang
From Virtue's anguished form;
Nor let that breast contain thy pang,
To life's best feelings warm.

'Tis hard to see the heavy eye,
To hear the languid voice;
Unable still to soothe the sigh,
Or bid the mind rejoice.

Come, then, Hygiæa! goddess fair!
Restore the maid we love;
Shed o'er her form thy blessings rare,
Again each bliss to prove.

Oh! grant the wish, ye gracious pow'rs,
These humble lines convey,
Give health to cheer her pensive hours,
And joy's unclouded day.

J. M. L.

PRENEZ GARDE MA CHERE.

Written extempore by a Gentleman, as he sate by a Lady Drawing on Velvet (a Pupil of Mrs. Noel's.)

When female worth and beauty join'd,
Attempts some new and pleasing care,
Some art t' embellish more her mind,
We smiling say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Go on, fair maid, the task begun,
Bid velvet blushing roses bear,
The lily op'ning to the sun,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Those num'rous charms which you display,
So various, vast, without compare,
Sedate, yet lively, good and gay,
O let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Your charms too powerful to withstand,
Bids every youth confess you fair,
Your worth adore, and court your hand,
I sighing say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Pale envy lurks beneath my smiles,
Since t' aspire I cannot dare,
Yet oh, my friend—of lover's wiles,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY THE HON. CASSANDRA GRAVES.

Hail, pleasing Hope, of aspect mild,
Misery's gem, and fancy's child!
On eagle's wings, triumphant borne,
Thou fly'st to ease the lover's moan.

To raise the head of pale distress,
And bid her feel her sorrows less,
And when destruction seems most near,
With angel softness lov'st t' appear.

Thou lov'st to cheer the woe-worn mind,
Misfortune's bleeding wounds to bind,
To free the mind from anxious care,
And eke for brighter scenes prepare.

TO MISS C—— A——.

On her inestimable Present of a Silk Net Purse.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! how ingenious is the subtle art,
To form a net in which such charms unite,
Whose magic spell can captivate the heart,
In one eternal bondage of delight!

Each woven silk a thousand times I kiss,
A thousand times I'm warm'd with rapture's glow,
A thousand times it constitutes my bliss,
And bids me feel the gratitude I owe.

And as I contemplate the beauteous prize,
As oft I think the varied work divine,
Yet would its beauties ne'er enchant my eyes,
Had they been wrought by any hand but thine!

R. C.

TO ELIZA.

Parody on Stanzas "On the approach of Spring," in La Belle Assemblée for March 1806.

Eliza come, and with thee bring
Thy lively looks of love and spring,
Thy bloom of youthful May,
Thy heav'n-blue eyes where beauty beams,
Or Pity's pearly tribute streams,
Emitting Friendship's ray.

How sweet with thee, fair maid, to rove,
Along the flow'r-strewn path of love,
Where feather'd chor'sters sing;
And gather from the bloom-hung bush
The wild-rose deck'd with nature's blush,
Pearl'd with the tear of Spring.

Or on the moss-wove sod reclin'd,
Thy converse sweet can sooth my mind,
And lull to soft repose;
Thy thoughts on virtue ever bent,
Can yield my grief-fraught mind content,
And calm my bosom'd woes.

Then come, and like enchanting Spring
Bid meadows smile, and valleys sing,
While list'ning echo's join
The artless feather'd songsters' lays,
Thy myriad peerless charms to praise,
In notes like thee, divine.

Kingsland. J. M.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! sweet source of ev'ry joy,
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy,
O let me call thee mine;
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,
Distress and woe in every form;
O make this bosom thine.

The happy pair, who own thy reign,
Enjoy what Monarchs seek in vain,
And share the sweets of life;
Their home amidst the warbling grove,
The seat of virtue and of love,
Is free from care and strife.

Here kindness wipes the trav'ller's tear,
Here tenderness and grace appear,
To cheer the drooping mind;
Here sickness finds a healing balm,
Here troubles grow divinely calm,
Where love and friendship's join'd.

This consecrated blissful seat
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,
From grief and haggard care;
Here streams of fond affection rise,
And sympathy that never dies,
To bless the happy pair.

Hail, Friendship! Queen of earthly joys,
Without thee diadems are toys,
And vain is nature's store;
With thee I am supremely blest,
And with thee I would ever rest,
Nor ask the world for more.

CONVICTION.

THE HINT TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE BRITISH CLASSICS.

'Twas placid eve—the broad blue sky serene,
And smiling sun-beams ting'd the lovely scene,
When I and Clara reach'd the utmost steep,
Where Albion's cliffs nod awful o'er the deep.
Our eyes around the wide-spread ocean flew,
'Till main and mountains mingled in the view.
Along the deep a weavy column run,
Where the green billows glitter'd in the sun.
" Observe (she cried) how o'er yon hazy sea,
" What radiant glories gild the close of day;
" In western worlds ev'n now these glories rise,
" Light other lands, and brighten other skies.
" Now eastward turn, the rural tract pursue,
" Spires, woods, and villas sun-gilt meet the view.
" How smiles yon blushing cliff with fir-trees crown'd,
" And heath, red-blossom'd, tufted thick around.
" See 'mid the plains the objects clear and small,
" Each line's a steeple and each spot a hall."
Delighted much I look (for sure the eye
Sees landscapes lovelier when a lady 's by.)
Yet o'er the whole methought a mist was spread,
My eyes were dim, and dizzy was my head,
There in a nook, with straggling shrubs o'er-grown,
We sat in converse on a mossy stone.
And many a frolic sweetly pass'd, to prove
The childish playfulness of youthful love.
With beating heart my trembling fingers bore
A tender tribute of poetic lore,
Penn'd in the hour of absence and despair,
Address'd " to Clara, fairest of the fair."
There for her lips the Muse had roses given,
And for her eyes two twinkling stars of heaven;
Had tun'd her voice to sweet Thalia's hand,
And stol'n her teeth from pearls of Samarcande;
Had sworn her breath surpass'd Arabia's grove,
With all the pretty perjuries of love.
This oft to read with fault'ring lips I try'd,
My fault'ring lips as oft to read deny'd.
And tho' my heart with thrilling raptures rung,
A dizzy darkness o'er my eyelids hung,
And lab'ring accents trembled on my tongue.
Yet while my longing eyes her beauties saw,
Her looks were eloquence—her wishes law.
Thus long in silent converse did we dwell,
When from my careless hand the paper fell.
She snatch'd it quick and o'er the hillocks flew,
The flying maid did I as quick pursue.
From brake to brake she laughing led the chace,
I laughing lab'ring still pursu'd apace:
Like sportive lambs, when daisies dot the dale,
Round tufts and trees the birth of April hail.
Still did she laughing fly, and I pursue,
When heavy clouds lowr'd dark'ning to my view;
And here and there big drops of sudden rain
Fell frequent, as we gain'd the lofty plain.
Far off I saw the driving storm extend,
And wat'ry beams from the dim sun ascend.
I heard the distant thunder rumbling low,
And call'd to Clara to make haste to go.
Just then I saw the cliff on which she stood
Crack—and slip awful in the foaming flood.
" O God (I cry'd) oh spare my lovely one."
But ah—my Clara was for ever gone.
Then mad with frenzy to the cliff I flew,
Resolv'd in death my Clara to pursue.
" For thou, O God (I cried) with all thy host,
" Can'st not restore the happiness I 've lost!"
Yet starting (shock'd the power of God to chide),
I woke—and found my Clara by my side.

Inner-Temple. MUSIPHILUS.

INSPIRATION.

O'er hill and valley, o'er the barren heath,
Or soil matur'd by every art of man,
Breathing the incense of its various fruits
And flowers all beauteous, still thy voice is heard.
But oh! most awful, most sublime thou reign'st
O'er the tall cliff, the rugged precipice,
The roaring cataract, and rolling wave
Dashing its foam against the rock,
Repelling all its fury—there on high,
O'er Appenine, or o'er the tow'ring Alps,
Wrapt in a misty cloud, thou sitt'st enshrin'd

In majesty supreme. The wand'ring bard,
Struck by the magic wand, arrested stands
To contemplate their greatness, full of thee,
O'er all his form a heavenly radiance shines,
As wrapt in thought sublime, he feels thy breath
Sweep gently o'er his lyre, and wake to life
The song immortal; then to rapture rising,
As o'er the soft'ning view the sun declines,
He sings the wonders of the scenes around him
In all their wild sublimity, till fir'd
To nobler daring, his mellifluous strains,
Wound to a higher pitch, accord the praise
Of their great architect, and to the soul
Of philosophic piety present
The noblest picture—*Man, the Child of Heaven*,
Singing, thro' all his works, his Maker's praise.

THE LARK.

WITH earliest Spring, while yet the wheaten blade
Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of snow,
The skylark's note, in short excursion, warbles:
Yes! even amid the day-obscuring fall,
I've marked his wing winnowing the feathery flakes,
In widely-circling horizontal flight.
But, when the season genial smiles, he towers
In loftier poise, with sweeter fuller pipe,
Chearing the ploughman at his furrow end,—
The while he clears the share, or, listening, leans
Upon his paddle-staff, and, with raised hand,
Shadows his half-shut eyes, striving to scan
The songster melting in the flood of light.

On tree, or bush, no Lark was ever seen:
The dasied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
Luxuriant crown the ridge; there, with his mate,
He founds their lowly house, of withered bents,
And coarsest speargrass; next, the inner-work
With finer, and still finer fibres lays,
Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.
How strange this untaught art! it is the gift,
The gift innate of Him, without whose will
Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

And now the assiduous dam her red-specked treasure
From day to day increases, till complete
The wonted number, blythe, beneath her breast,
She cherishes from morn to eve—from eve
To morn shields from the dew, that globuled lies
Upon her mottled plumes: then with the dawn
Upsprings her mate, and wakes her with his song.
His song full-well she knows, even when the sun,
High in his morning course is hailed at once
By all the lofty warblers of the sky:
But most his downward-veering song she loves;
Slow the descent at first, then, by degrees,
Quick, and more quick, till suddenly the note
Ceases; and, like an arrow-sledge, he darts,
And, softly lighting, perches, by her side.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

IN the present situation of the country, cut off from all hopes of alliance; with Russia, after having raised our hopes by a shew of firmness in maintaining the posts in Dalmatia, resigning them at length to France, and courting a retreat from Europe; with Prussia so evidently governed by French influence, that all we can expect of her is, that she may not prove an enemy; and with Austria so crippled, and destitute of all external aid, that the very first break of the billow must bring her upon her beams;—in a word, with all Europe that was for us, subdued and disheartened, and all that is against, multiplying every day in strength and power, nothing remains for this country but a system of conciliation.

It is indeed, abundantly clear, that the state of our affairs, domestic as well as foreign, enjoins a strict regard to the conciliatory system in general, and prepares us more especially to expect in such a peace as may be consistent with our real honour, the highest advantages both to our own interests and those of Europe at large. With regard to the Continent, it is sufficiently evident that nothing but mischief can possibly accrue from a renewal of the late unhappy war. What then is likely to result from things remaining in their present unsettled state? Will the enemy, so long as we refuse to give him peace, so long as we prevent our allies from treating, so long as we do not use our influence to bring about a negotiation—will he abstain from reaping the thousand advantages of his present situation? Will he submit to all the evils of warfare and forego all its gains? Will he unite in his plan all the losses of war and all the constraints of peace? This would be too close an imitation of own conduct with regard to Spain. Unhappily we cannot expect to be imitated in our European tactics. Our East Indian policy

will suit him better. He will go on conquering such of our allies as continue hostile; uniting with those whom he may intimidate, or allure to share in the plunder of the rest; stretching his creations of kings over the north of Germany; aggrandizing those whom he has made in the south: extending his dominion in Italy over the islands, and from Italy striding onwards to the east.

To all this prospect of loss, from a senseless prolongation of a war which has unfortunately reached its natural conclusion, the enemies of peace can only oppose certain vague, indefinite fears, of the dangers with which they conceive a peace to be pregnant. First they imagine that good or even fair terms cannot be expected; then they think the enemy will not be sincere; next, they dread his taking the opportunity of recruiting his resources, and especially of restoring his navy; lastly, they expect that he will take us by surprize, and attack us when he is sure to succeed. In all these apprehensions, however, there is a great deal of misconception, and no small inconsistency. As to the terms, we must first see what he offers. It is indeed very evident, that we cannot expect such favourable conditions for the Continent, as if we had not plunged it into the late war, and occasioned the ruin of Austria, the conquest of Naples, and the aggrandisement of France and her dependencies. We cannot hope such terms as the present administration would have gained, had it been formed two years ago. But it is equally clear, that if the enemy finds his advantage in peace (and if he does not, we need neither expect it nor desire it) and if he estimates, as he must, the high spirit and unconquerable valour of this country, he will make no proposals which can dishonour us. He will even tempt us to overcome our repugnance towards him, and our contempt of his new authority, by some favourable concessions. Then, with regard to his sincerity, we may safely conclude that the same motive which leads him to think of making a peace, will induce him to keep it—the motive of interest—for what can he gain by a transient peace, except the paltry cession of a few islands, which we shall always be able to retake, with the troops and shipping he may send thither, so long as our marine is superior to his. Next, as to his recruiting his resources, and particularly his navy, this he most undoubtedly will attempt to do. We must lay our account with it. We mean to recruit our own army, and he must lay his account with that. But does it follow, that he will be able to acquire a navy equal to ours during the peace? Where are his seamen? Where are his officers and pilots? Where are his Nelsons? Should the peace last for ten years, which is unfortunately a high estimate, how much would England gain in her commerce, her finances, her colonial and domestic economy, her military system, her foreign policy! And France too, would gain somewhat in several of these particulars. Her trade would increase, and she would acquire colonial establishments. Would not this make her much less warlike? Would it not be utterly incompatible with the military conscription, the most formidable feature in her present aspect? Would it not render her less military in peace, and more averse to war, the greatest of evils to a mercantile and colonial nation? But could her navy in ten, or even twenty years of peace, possibly grow up so as to match our own? Should we not at the end of such a happy period, enter upon the war with our commerce augmented, our finances cleared from debt, our wealth more able to supply our necessities, our navy more numerous? And would not this be the very same thing with beginning a new series of brilliant victories over the navy of our enemies? Besides, with the restoration of our continental relations and the improvement of our army, might we not fairly expect even success on shore, as well as at sea? Why is not France averse to peace from her fears of our commerce encreasing, and our army being established on a new system? Why then should we, who are as courageous as herself, dread the progress of her trade and the re-establishment of her marine? But to all such fears one answer may be given—they prove too much—they prove that peace can never be made, if they dissuade us from making it now; they have no application to this particular time, they are apprehensions of all times, and they go to involve the world in one eternal war.

Let us hope that the wise men who are now happily placed at the head of the state, will judge better, as they see more clearly than such desponding and narrow views permit the multitude to do; that they will justly estimate the sum of affairs, not timidly shut their eyes to the misfortunes in which they have found the country; that with all their efforts to carry on a vigorous war, they will keep in mind how peculiarly the great end of all warfare is desirable at the present crisis, for our allies as well as for ourselves; that without abandoning one point which the honour of England requires them to maintain, they will abjure all those false notions of honour, by which nothing but eternal hostility with all the world can ever be obtained; and that, whether we are to be blessed with peace, or compelled to prepare for new battles, they will pursue those plans of moderate and salutary reform in the various branches of our national policy, without which no glory, no safety, not even the inheritance of a name will remain for England.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Friday April 9th, a new tragedy, called *Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds*, was performed for the first time at this theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Edgar, - -	Miss SMITH.
Baron, - -	Mr. POPE.
Osbert, - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Malcolm, - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Morton, - -	Mr. CRESWELL.
Count Zulmio, -	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Officer, - -	Mr. KLANERT.
Soldiers, Attendants, &c.	
Emma, - -	Miss BRUNTON.
Countess, - -	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
Matilda, - -	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.

THE FABLE.

Osbert, the young Earl of Morven, resolving to avenge the death of his father, who had been treacherously murdered by *Malcolm*, a neighbouring Chieftain, is taken prisoner in the attempt, together with *Edgar*, a young peasant, whose gallantry had attached the Earl to him. *Edgar* escapes from his dungeon, and in his passage through the vaults discovers the rightful Baron of Glendore, the brother of *Malcolm*, by whom he had been confined, and reported dead. They quit the Castle of Glendore together, and arrive at Morven Castle, where they find the Countess and *Matilda* overwhelmed with grief. While they are consulting with him on the means of liberating *Osbert*, a herald arrives from Glendore, with a note, informing the Countess that *Malcolm* will spare the life of her son on no other terms than receiving the hand of *Matilda*, who, after a severe conflict, nobly consents to sacrifice herself to redeem her brother. *Edgar* who is tenderly attached to her, endeavours to dissuade her from becoming the wife of her father's murderer, and, in a fit of despair, vows either to destroy *Malcolm* or perish. The attempt is, however, rendered unnecessary by *Osbert's* entrance, whose escape had been facilitated by *Emma*, the daughter of the rightful Baron, who, like her father, was imprisoned in Glendore Castle. *Osbert* discovering the attachment between his sister and *Edgar*, harshly upbraided him with ingratitude, and he indignantly quits Morven Castle, which greatly distresses the Baron, who is warmly attached to his deliverer. *Osbert* having challenged *Malcolm* to single combat, is way-laid by him, and his party overpowered by superior numbers. At the moment *Malcolm* is prepared to kill him, *Edgar* enters with a party of soldiers, rescues him, and retires unseen—*Malcolm* falls by *Osbert's* hand, but, ere he dies, reveals to *Emma* that she had a brother whom *Morton* had disposed of, but could not tell how. *Matilda* is carried off by *Count Zulmio*, a noble Sicilian, who was shipwrecked, and hospitably received into Morven Castle. Taking refuge in a ruined abbey from a violent storm of thunder and lightning, they are discovered by *Edgar*, who flies to the ruins for shelter, and happily rescues his beloved *Matilda*. *Osbert*, who had pursued the ruffians, entering at the moment, suspects *Edgar*, and attacks him. *Matilda* throws herself between their swords, and *Zulmio*, touched with remorse, discovers himself, and acquits *Edgar*, to whom *Osbert* is reconciled. *Edgar* is proved by *Morton*, to be the son of the *Baron*, and the piece concludes with the union of *Edgar* and *Matilda*, and *Osbert* and *Emma*.

The play, which was throughout of the tragic cast, reminded us of several popular Scottish Dramas. It was very ably represented; Pope, H. Johnston, Chapman, Miss Smith, Mrs. H. Johnston and Miss Brunton did great justice to their parts. The performance was received, throughout, with very warm applause, and without the slightest sign of disapprobation, by one of the most full and elegant audiences of the season; the house was crowded in all parts, and with ladies particularly. It was as well received as any new play which has been brought forward for many years.

FASHIONS

For JUNE, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

PLATE I. FIG. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

Round gown of fine cambric muslin, with long sleeves, and trimmed round the bottom with double muslin. A cloak of fine clear muslin, bound round with white satin ribband. A white sarsnet bonnet, ornamented with white satin puffing. Grey kid gloves and shoes.

FIG. 2.—HALF-DRESS.

Round dress of white sarsnet ornamented with crape rush. A mantle of pale-yellow sarsnet with four tassels. A cap of yellow crape to match, ornamented with a green wreath. White kid shoes and gloves. Pearl necklace and ear-rings.

PLATE II.—FIG. 1.

A round dress of plain India muslin, with a long train, chemise front, with short sleeves; a yellow sarsnet mantle over the right shoulder, fastened with a loop on the left, bound round with blue ribband; a turban straw hat, with a white lace veil thrown carelessly over. Yellow kid gloves and shoes; blue parasol.

FIG. 2.

Blue crape dress hat with a black feather across the front. A round pelise short dress, with a very deep black lace at the bottom. Blue and white striped kid shoes, yellow gloves, blue silk handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; brown parasol.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Walking dress pantaloons of corded cambric, trimmed round the bottom with lace or fine muslin; a smooth frock dress of the same material is much admired; the novelty of this dress (though several made their appearance in the Gardens last Sunday) was not so conspicuous, as trains of thin muslin were worn over to disguise, in some measure, the singularity of its effect.

Equal striped cambric muslins are coming into fashion for morning dresses, which are made high in the neck, with elastic fronts, long sleeves, no train but fluted round the bottom. It is no longer considered *mauvais ton* to dress in the forenoon; our *élégantes* appear as much so at that time as they formerly did at Ranelagh.

Mantles of various shapes and forms still continue the rage, but the most prevalent are those with hoods trimmed with coloured ribbands.—Spensers of straw coloured and pale pink in the Turkish style are much worn, and have a very graceful appearance.

Pale blue, yellow, and lilac muslin scarfs, with black Egyptian borders, are much in fashion.

The peasant bonnet of figured silk, with an heron plume, and shaded mistake ribbands. A spenser *à l'Espagnole*, and shaded silks, sprig lenon, or spider-web, trimmed with shaded mistake ribband. A barouche hat of diamond or split straw, trimmed with extreme broad ribband. Never were straw hats so much in vogue as at this moment, it would be impossible to describe their various forms; every *élégante* wishes to have a straw hat according to her own *gout*; the mob straw hat, tied under the chin, and ornamented with a lace trimming, is a very novel straw hat, and appears to be confined to the higher classes of *élégantes*. The trencher hat is much approved of, and will become very fashionable. Yeoman, or doom crowns, may also be classed amongst the most novel fashions.

Sarsnet bonnets of every description are now more worn than ever by our most elegant females; amongst the variety of shapes we have recently observed several in the style of Mary Queen of Scots, they are particularly becoming.

Silk caps ornamented with flowers, and trimmed

with fine lace, are worn by many ladies of fashion instead of hats, a large veil is worn over them, which serves as a drapery for the whole figure; fancy hats and bonnets are not so genteel as plain.

Lace caps are also as much worn as ever, trimmed with flowers, or silk handkerchiefs, but ribbands, are not so much in use for them as last month.

The variety of colours worn at this moment renders it impossible to say which are the most fashionable, but the most prevailing are straw, pink, lemon, and lavender.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Straw hats are in the highest degree of favour: they wear yellow straw hats without any ornament whatever, but a bunch of lilac or a ribbon of pink or white, which flows loosely. Hats of white chip are sometimes interwoven with silk—for example, a rim of chip, then one of silk or ribband; this variation is pretty, but above all new. Such is the enormous front of a straw hat, that the two extremities of the edge can meet, and fasten under the chin; but the most fashionable of all are the poke (those English poke bonnets, that were formerly so much ridiculed by the French Ladies), with huge square fronts, and tassels of exact proportion on either side: as these projecting fronts are so large, to prevent the wind from deranging them, sometimes they add besides the parallel tassels, silk cord crossed several times over the front from side to side, which sufficiently confines it.

For Half Dress.—A crape cap is sometimes worn, bordered all round with a wreath of large roses; at the Opera, white and pink hats very small are worn, bordered with pearls, and ornamented with feathers. Every dress has a scarf to suit, but this scarf is not always made to serve for a sash as well; it is sometimes tied in a knot at the side, with two long ends. The sleeves are worn short and full, and composed of ribband and muslin mixed.

Instead of a watch, the gentlemen wear a *fausse montre*, formed of a serpent, which bites its tail, which thus makes a circle. Sometimes there are four little serpents, whose tails are contrived to tie in the form of a ring, while their breasts meet, and their heads are erect, which forms a broach at present the most fashionable. Often, instead of a watch chain, the dashing gentlemen wear a large twisted serpent, which holds within the pocket (instead of a watch), five little twisted serpents disposed in a circle.

They dance with pleasure the country dance, particularly the English, the Gavotte tolerably, L'Allemande carelessly, but the Venetian is the dance most in vogue, and which fills both actors and spectators with enthusiasm.

HYDE PARK & KENSINGTON-GARDENS.

The same genial temperature of May which has induced nature to assume her gaudiest tints, and dressed the vegetable tribes in the richest attire of verdure and blossoms, has also banished from fashionable dress every vestige of that character termed *demi-saison*, and introduced the light and airy robes of summer. The grand parade of fashion, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, displayed, on Sunday last, the most crowded assemblage of beauty and *haut-ton* that have as yet appeared this season; and the principal novelties of dress which attracted observation were mantles of the Egyptian stile, of various colours and materials; some of purple sarsnet or taffeta, covered by a transparent veil of white lace, or thin tamboured muslin, and trimmed with broad rich lace; others of saffron, or primrose sarsnet, or taffeta, covered in like manner, or tastefully worked in sprigs of tambour or embroidery, and trimmed with lace, which had an effect truly elegant. Mantles entirely of black or purple lace were also much worn; but the spenser *Espagnol* and Spanish cloak seemed to have considerably lost ground in the regions of taste. Hats and tiaras of white satin and various coloured silks were also much worn; but the simple elegance of straw hats, turbans, and bonnets still maintains its claim to fashionable choice; and consequently they continue to be much worn, of various forms; and for the greater part, tastefully ornamented with wreaths or sprigs of artificial shrubs or flowers; the most prevalent rose, lilac, hyacinth, and auricula; but the most elegant in appearance were wreaths and demi-wreaths of convolvolus, jessamine, or myrtle. Rich Indian shawls too were much worn, but in a style of easy grace that has much removed our objection to that favourable and fashionable appendage. Under-dresses were universally of white japan, and other muslins, with very long trains. Spensers of royal purple, or light-blue taffeta, were always general, but very few pelices even of the lightest materials appeared. Green, purple, and party-coloured silk parasols, richly fringed with gold or saffron-coloured silk, were very generally in use, and buskins of fawn-coloured velvet, or plain nankin laced up in front, completed the *costume* of the promenade.

But the dress which appeared *tout ensemble* the most novel, tasteful, attractive, and truly elegant, was worn by a lady whose majestic mien and stature, combined with every charming beauty and feminine sweetness, forcibly personified Milton's description of our first parent:—

"*Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her looks*
"*In every motion dignity and love.*"

The dress to which we allude was a *coiffure* of white satin, formed exactly like the trencher caps of our Westminster students. The tassel at top was a rich bunch of small strung pearls, and it was tastefully looped up on the left side by a festoon of the same precious materials. An Egyptian mantle of white transparent lace, lined with royal purple sarsnet, elegantly but simply trimmed with a broad rich lace, descended from her shoulders behind, and a long train of Japan muslin swept the verdant turf o'er which she moved with a grace angelic, that attracted every eye, and won universal admiration; we understood this fascinating personage was a Lady of rank recently married; but whom it would perhaps be impolitic to name after a description so particular.

We have received several letters from correspondents with very serious complaints against the enormous length of our fashionable women's trains. They state, that in all our parties, and places of public amusement, it is almost impossible to stir without treading on a lady's train. We are convinced that nothing adds more to a noble and majestic demeanour, but still it is by no means necessary to interrupt the public way by a pompous display of graces. If we were to calculate the extent of the fashionable promenades by the space which one of our *élégantes* occupies in walking there, it would be absolutely necessary to call in the aid of a little practical geometry, and we are afraid, in consequence of this, some of our *beaux* would be compelled to return to their studies, and attend a course of lectures in that science. What an alteration would not this make in the *beau-monde?* The simpering fops would become geometricians, their minds bent on calculation.

It would be pleasant enough to see the newly created students with rules in their hands measuring the length and breadth of their fair ones' trains, and this operation finished, methodically demonstrating with mathematical precision the extent of the promenade; or, that the graces of Lady D— exceeded those of Lady P— by two or three feet. This would not be the first time merit has been measured by the ell.

According to the history of trains it appears, that in former ages their length determined the greater or less eminent degree of power and rank. In some ancient prints the trains which, on days of ceremony, our magistrates wore, lay on the ground at least three yards.

Were it to become fashionable among our *élégantes* in this manner to establish the rank they should hold in society, heaven knows how far vanity would enlarge the volume of the graces. At the theatre we should see Mrs. —— enter a box, while her train was on the stairs, and in going out it would be in the lobby when she would be stepping into her carriage. Let us not anticipate futurity, nor suppose the evil greater than it is at present. The trains, such as they now are, are hurtful to public salubrity. In summer what raises those clouds of dust of an evening in St. James's and the Green Park? The trains. What, consequently, renders the air breathed there so fatal to delicate lungs, and causes so many colds, sore throats, and consumptions? The trains,—the unfortunate trains. The greater part of mankind go there to exhale the pure and uncontaminated air, but return suffocated. They must necessarily remain at home, or fly into a desert. In winter, at all our balls and routs, the evil is increased rather than diminished. It would be an insult to the host to appear at one of them without a train, or having one to hold it up, and it is impossible to describe the consequences which must result from a carpet badly brushed, or an ill chalked floor.

Sometimes, to oblige the ladies to take up these instruments of death, we have seen mischievous coxcombs set their foot on that part which lay on the ground. The lady, wishing to disengage her train, seizes its undulations, and cautiously shaking it, a cloud of dust arises from its folds, and obliges the unwary coxcomb to retire immediately for fear of suffocation.

For pity's sake, ladies, no longer, then, permit your dress to be a public calamity; diminish the volume of your graces, consider the narrow bounds of our public places, and the still more limited extent of the houses of our fashionables, compared with the space which you severally occupy; suffer us to approach you, and breathe the same atmosphere without injuring our health, no longer be inaccessible but at one side or the other, but, above all, consider the delicacy of our lungs; the goodness of your hearts convinces us that you will take some interest in our welfare, and endeavour to diminish the evils of which you are the cause.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Sir,

As your work is likely to become popular among the ladies, none can be better adapted as a vehicle to useful hints for their reformation, either in morals, manners, or customs. In this our day, the little regard paid by females of the middle ranks to habitual neatness of apparel, has irresistibly attracted the observation even of such a harmless, abstracted animal as myself; far enough removed (God knows!) from refined taste, but as anxious for the honor of my countrywomen in maintaining their national character

for cleanliness, simplicity, and elegance of dress, as the most skillful Abigail possibly can be for the superiority of her lady on a birth-night. Probably my remarks may be stigmatized as captious, impertinent, if not false; and while the wives and daughters of tradesmen have from generation to generation endeavoured to vie with the wives and daughters of the nobility in external appearance, it may be asserted (not without truth) that they never succeeded so well as at this present time; but should the young citizen or yeoman, struck with the dazzling display of his partner's person at a subscription dance, just call unexpectedly the next morning to enquire after healths, &c. and take a peep at these attractions by day-light, what might not be his surprise? Ten to one, if the fair object chance to be in the passage at his entrance, but he passes on to the parlour door, mistaking her for the cook or the housemaid; when, instead of the glossy braid and sparkling comb, he might see the hair *en papillotes*, and a cap thrown on *à la Cuisiniere*, with unaffected negligence, instead of the three yard train, a flounce in every part, of dingy hue, save where the quick-discarded apron spreads its protecting mantle; and altogether he would vainly seek the easy agreeable companion of the preceding evening, in the embarrassed air, and hurried aspect of the morning slattern. Now I would not have you suppose, Sir, by all this, that I consider it either possible, or politic, for a young woman occupied in household concerns to be always decked out as if in a ball-room; in fact, it is the only plea urged by this species of inattention, "that it is impossible to be precise and exact when one's busy." Grant me pardon for contradiction, but she may be tidy though immersed to the elbows in pastry, or seated at the ironing-board; which tidiness consists not so much in the quality or materials of dress, as in the methods of arranging it. I have no objection to curl-papers, because I think them best taken out after breakfast; nor to a morning-cap, or an apron, because I prefer them clean and in their proper positions, but surely were it not better for city and country belles to attire themselves at once, for a domestic day, in the charming simplicity of a lively young quaker (sprinkling as much of the mode as convenient), to substract somewhat from their public *éclat*, and place it to their private account; especially when we reflect, that in bestowing no pains on themselves at home, they pay a most lamentable compliment to the small circle of their nearest connections; or if this be ineffectual, let a laudable pride whisper to the slovenly fashionable, that her choosing to copy scullions and dairy-maids in negligence of garb, justifies their folly and assurance in taking pattern of a pretty cap, or a well-made gown, belonging to their young mistress.

In short, Sir, though it seems to me no disgrace for a tradesman's daughters to have lace of less value, or fewer new bonnets than my Lady Charlotte, or my Lady Sophia, I see no reason why the gentlewoman and the house-wife should be for ever at variance.

Yours, &c.

Staines, May, 1806. G. A. G.

MRS. SHERIDAN'S FETE.

A grand *Fete*, given by Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, on Monday, at their house in Somerset-place, was marked by peculiar elegance. It was intended as a house-warming, and likewise to celebrate the christening of the infant son of Mr. T. Sheridan, and the infant daughter of Mr. Scott, who is married to a sister of Mrs. Sheridan. The Prince of Wales and the Countess of Westmoreland were sponsors to Master Sheridan.—Mr. Sheridan was the proxy for his Royal Highness. The entrance-hall and the apartments were fitted up with great taste and magnificence. The former was converted into an elegant conservatory. The middle drawing-room was appropriated for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his party; the third room was in a corresponding style of elegance, and led to a beautiful Turkish tent, which was erected in the grand gallery over the arch; here a table was laid for thirty-six for supper; and when the whole of this elegant suite of apartments was thrown open, it formed a most beautiful and elegant promenade. Two other rooms were set out for supper, and tables for 100 were also laid, after the ball, in the front drawing-rooms. The grand library was appropriated for dancing; the floor was tastefully chalked with the Prince's plume in the centre, and an Etruscan border, with laurel branches at the angles.

The entertainment commenced about eleven, with a masque, by characters in appropriate dresses, representing aerial spirits, Venetian gondoliers, and a group of the witches in *Macbeth*. Dancing began about one, and continued till a late hour. The Prince of Wales arrived about twelve. The Dukes of Cambridge and Somerset were also present.

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